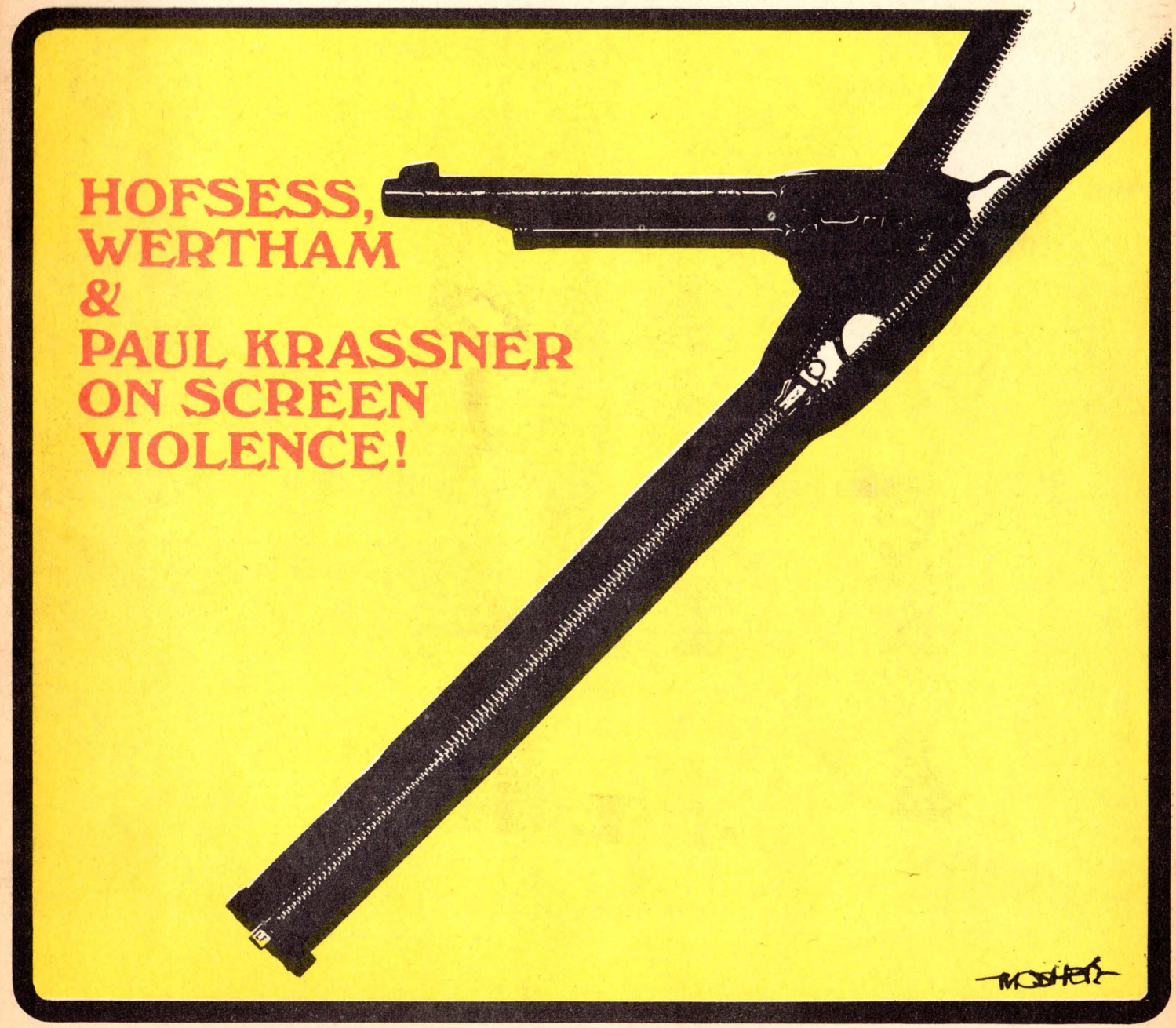
TAKE ONE

the film magazine

vol. 1 25c no. 11

3/- in UK

POSTAGE PAID AT MONTREAL



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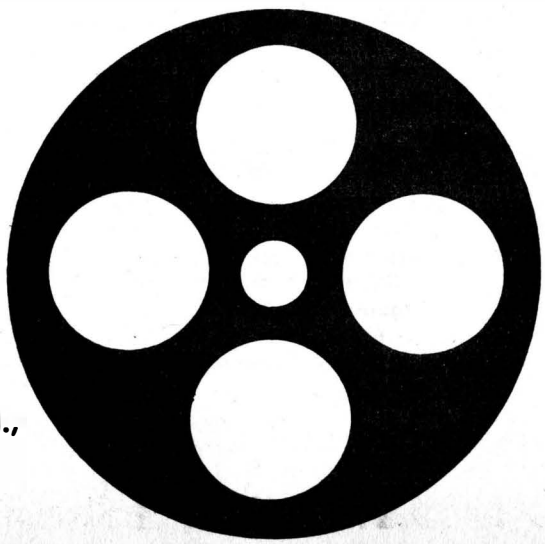

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TAKE ONE is published bi-monthly by Unicorn Publishers, Post Office Box 1778, Station B Montreal 2, P. Q. Subscription rate (all countries): 6 issues for $1.50. Notice of change of address should include your old address on the mailing label of a recent issue; allow four weeks. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. While the editors will take all reasonable care, they will not be held responsible for the loss of any such submissions.
Authorised as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Printed at Montreal, Canada.

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CINEMA ONE

General Editors:

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CREDITS

KAY ARMATAGE spends her winters in Toronto studying for her Ph. D. and her summers in London writing letters.

RON BLUMER, a regular contributor to the magazine, is featured on page 90 of the College Issue of *Esquire* magazine.

JAY COCKS continues to subvert a large North American news weekly from within.

BOB COWAN recently won Second Prize at the Bellevue Film Festival for his **Soul Freeze** (not the film's first award either).

JON DEMME is director of **Good Morning, Steve!**

MARC GERVAIS is continuing his studies in film at the Sorbonne.

JOHN HOFSESS, a *Take One* Contributing Editor, is currently adapting H.L. Hodgson's *The Secret Garden* as his second feature film, and is preparing a book on the underground sensibility in modern arts for publication this winter.

GLEN HUNTER, having finally added the Boston Beguine to his repertoire this summer, is now organizing a Norma Varden retrospective for the fall.

PAUL KRASSNER, editor of *The Realist,* has recently been devoting some of his surplus energies to improving the public image of Richard J. Daley.

Its with great pleasure that *Take One* once again sees it's Contributing Editor, PATRICK MACFADDEN, appearing on it's pages. No doubt its because of it's splendid proof-reading — which is not nearly as bad as he says its.

AXEL MADSEN is the Hollywood correspondent for *Sight & Sound* and *Cahiers du Cinéma* as well as a dozen dailies across America. His first book, *Billy Wilder,* is due out in October.

JOE MEDJUCK, along with Contributing Editor Clive Denton, will be teaching a film course at the University of Toronto this year.

TERRY (AISLIN) MOSHER recently won a top prize (along with — among others — David Levine and Duncan MacPherson) at the International Salon of Cartoons held annually at Man and His World (ex-Expo 67).

DR. FREDRIC WERTHAM, author of numerous respected books on the subject (among them: *Dark Legend, The Show of Violence, Seduction of the Innocent* and — most recently — *A Sign for Cain)* based on his years of clinical experience, is an internationally renown authority in the field of human violence and aggression. He recently summed up his attitude to film violence this way: "If I should meet an unruly youngster in a dark alley, I prefer it to be one who has not seen **Bonnie and Clyde".** His present article first appeared in the *Journal of the Producers Guild of America.*

FEEDBACK

While agreeing wholeheartedly with Gerald Pratley's general approach to dubbing (Issue 10), he cannot be allowed to continue thinking that 'no self-respecting actor would take away another's voice and presume to speak for him'.

Is he not aware of the precarious economics of an actor's existence? If not (which seems unbelievable) then it must be pointed out to him that few actors, very few, ever enjoy the constant pleasure and satisfaction of playing parts they really want to and are best at. The inevitable result is that many 'self-respecting actors' are forced into dubbing from sheer necessity. They are as much aware as Mr. Pratley seems to be that the process has little to do with art as such, but when it comes to a showdown between aesthetics and bread and butter (or even the rent), which do you choose?

It's a pity that Mr. Pratley had to mar an otherwise constructive article with such a tactless remark.

K. Dight
Toronto 4

As a writer who leans towards the visual, graphic style I have been long wanting to ask of the film community what its reactions to the ordinary written work is. Do you the filmmakers find the traditionally written word — novel, short story, scenario if it comes to that — completely inadequate? That is to say are there any young writers who understand the visual enough to be able to spark you? If so please mention and try to define what it is that is attractive in their method. Is it, on the other hand a great problem that is only met through the methods you have learned in your particular art form. I suppose what I am asking, what I seek to know is if any of you think that there is a chance to write creative prose that would be a kind of filmstory de facto, which might inspire instant image thought processes by its very reading?

These fledgling thoughts have been running in my head for a time and since I have never had the chance to pursue them with film people I take this opportunity to ask of you a courtesy, in the interest of our, up to now separate mediums of expression. That is to publish in letter to the editor form what I have outlined above.

In any event I welcome from any one who might take the time to give me some thoughts, further ruminations on this fascinating theme.

Claude X. LaBrecque
Box 2544
West Palm Beach
Florida, 33402

I liked your article on Stanley Kramer *(TAKE ONE, Vol. 1, No. 9).* The style of writing was good and different. Good old Stanley sounds like a real dink. Let's get off this down with **Guess Who's Coming to Dinner** stuff. I agree with what you're saying, but there are other things to talk about.

John Warren

Reference "Toronto Letter" in Vol. 1, No. 9 of *TAKE ONE.*

The use of the *Memory Lane Film Club* by Mr. Reg. W. Hartt is an infringement of a registered name. **Mr. Hartt has been warned that** legal action will be taken against him if he persists in employing this name.

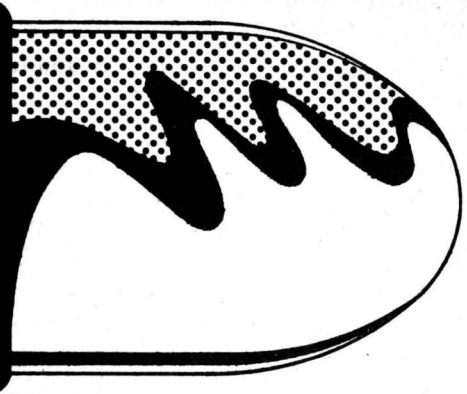
Mr. Hartt simply rents quarters at 602A Markham Street for TWO HOURS per week. The quarters in question are owned by The Artists Workshop.

Would you please inform your readers that you were in error in crediting Mr. Hartt with the ownership of a club called the Memory Lane Film Club.

George M. Henderson,
Manager,
Memory Lane,
594 Markham Street,
Toronto 5, Ontario.

DEATH VALLEY, U.S.A.

john hofsess



Following the shooting of Senator Robert Kennedy, American mass media responded with shock, disbelief and anguish. The same newspapers which concentrate on the day's most violent and bizarre events, and the television networks which *invent* programs in which death is as quick as a wish, now asked, "How could such an event happen in America?"

The same question was asked following the assassination of Martin Luther King, the massacre of 15 passersby from a tower in Austin, the murder of eight student nurses in Chicago, the assassination of President John F. Kennedy; it is a question that has been asked so often, and answered by platitudes, that it has become a rhetorical reflex. A little, pennybright trust in God goes a long way. As far back as 1896 the *Chicago Sun-Times* posed the question in an editorial deploring the behaviour of H.H. Holmes, a mass-murderer who killed an estimated 150 women in his "castle of horrors" located on the South Side of Chicago, before being apprehended and convicted. Whenever one raises the question of America's history of violence, it appears that many people regard it as a matter to be arbitrarily decided: if you *believe* that it is a remarkably violent society, you're anti-American; if you believe that it isn't, you've passed the security test.

Time magazine in its *The Gun in America* issue (June 21), while conceding that since 1900, 800,000 U.S. citizens have been killed by privately owned guns (versus 630,768 in all the nation's wars to date), condemns the hypocrisy of foreign critics — and cites Soviet poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko as its example — who ignore the fact that crime is more difficult to prevent in a "free society." "America is not sick," wrote one reader in the same issue, "Pointing fingers at the U.S. is, seemingly, a favourite pastime in today's world, and the people who do it forget their own past."

The mass media were to blame; the pressures of being an advanced technological society were to blame; if all else failed, a little "historical perspective" (which largely means comparing 20th Century America to a century in the distant past with no sense of an implied regression) would prove there was nothing to blame. Canadians who share the same mass-culture as the United States to a greater degree than any other country in the world, and a similar standard of living, but who do not have a bloody past to remember or forget, and whose homicide rates are a mere fraction of those in the U.S., must surely wonder about the intellectual honesty of these arguments.

American rates of homicide, armed robbery, and violent assault are unmatched — and not even remotely approximated — by any other country sharing western intellectual traditions and possessing an advanced technological productivity.

If all countries of the world had similar crime rates, it would be pointless to inquire about the relationship between a particular culture and the quality of life within the society from which it originates. We would have to conclude that human beings are essentially of the same character in every country of the world. We would have to conclude that there was no correlation between a country's arts and moral philosophy, and its behaviour as a nation. Because if cultures varied, and social behaviour did not, we would have to declare the arts of a nation of little or no influence in structuring social behaviour.

Eric Fromm, writing in *The Sane Society* (1955) asserted that a nation's psychological health could be measured — in the absence of more detailed information — by its rates of homicide, suicide and alcoholism. Citing figures compiled by the World Health Organization he pointed out that the United States had a homicide rate of 8.50 per 100,000; Canada, France, Sweden, England had homicide rates of 1.67, 1.53, 1.01 and 0.63 respectively, per 100,000. The United States had 3,952 people per 100,000 classified as alcoholics; France was second highest with 2850; England had 1100 per 100,000.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NICK KOLODKA

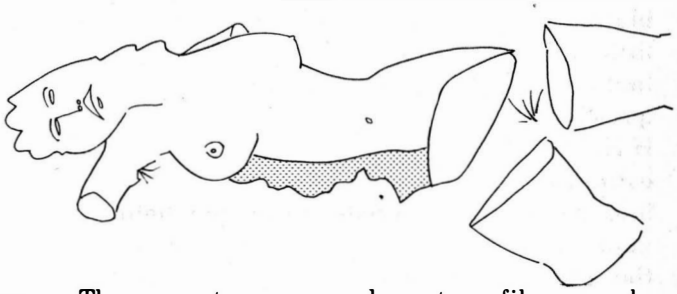
Allowing for the consideration that in countries where suicide is a criminal offence doctors and coroners try to avoid stigmatizing a death as suicide if there is any doubt — and despite the claim of many newspaper editors that they are merely "reflecting" the violence in society yet never give their readers a correct impression that suicides are consistently *twice* as frequent as homicides in the United States (perhaps because self-doubt, depression, and a questioning of the values in society don't make it as page one news) — it is perhaps surprising that the United States again leads all English-speaking countries in its suicide rate: 15.52 per 100,000; England, Australia, Canada, Scotland, Ireland have rates of 13.43, 13.03, 11.40, 8.06 and 3.70 per 100,000.

In asking whether there is any relationship between American mass-culture and its social violence, we must compare its literature, films and television programs with those of other countries with a much lower incidence of violent crimes. Only if we discover significant differences in social myths and values in the cultural traditions of these countries — that correspond with the differences we find in social behaviour — can it be suggested that the products of mass media have a bearing on social behaviour, and thus, a social responsibility.

In studying the moral character manifest in American culture we may best begin with those individuals and groups of censorious ambition who have, until recently overruled by the Supreme Court, decided what the American public can see, hear and read. America, it may safely be asserted, has never suffered from a shortage of censors. For 31 years, D.H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was banned within the United States presumably on the grounds that it would be a moral disaster for any citizen to read it. On the other hand, two works by Mickey Spillane — *I, the Jury* and *Kiss Me Deadly* — are among the ten best selling books ever published in the United States, and Grace Metalious' *Peyton Place* (at ten million copies) represents the best selling work of fiction to date. Machaty's 1933 film **Ecstasy** was banned by New York's Board of Censors until 1959 (the N.Y. Board was the touchstone of liberalism for many years among state censorship groups). War films, gangster films and westerns were produced by the hundreds and with very few exceptions given general permits. The "moral" leadership provided by these boards largely consisted in treating erotic materials as dangerous, while being permissive to acts of violence in films. For Hedy Lamarr to run naked through the woods for a dip in a stream was considered obscene; for Jimmy Cagney to gun down people, shove a grapefruit in his mistress's face, and double cross everyone he came in contact with — this was the All-American boy, this was mental health.

The gangster film, war film and western have been the main genres for defining the qualities of American manhood. These genres (to which we must add the pseudo-religious epic and the musical) are those which have been the most popular with the American public for the last 30 years according to the list of box-office records published by *Variety,* and therefore have been *seen* by enough people to have an appreciable influence.

Frequently, those who study the "effects" of violence in the mass media confine their research singlemindedly to representations of killings and sadistic acts; but to suppose that a model of behaviour — a psychopathic male predator who takes on various disguises, gangster or cop, outlaw or sheriff, friend or foe soldier — is influential, divorced from the psychological context of his behaviour, is probably naive. For without his authoritarian political and religious rationale, his alternating brutalization and sentimentalization of sexuality, his taboos concerning "femininity" (i.e., "weakness") in himself, his stereotyped prejudices; his high-pitched level of irrationality which makes the blinding clarity of a violent solution desirable, the acts of violence per se are unpersuasive and incongruous.



The gangster, war and western film may be more notable for what they *don't* show than what they do depict; not their least curious aspect is the absence of women in adult sexual relationships. The image of man they offer is that of a lone wolf who lives desperately by his wits and his gun (*which* side of the law he operates on is something of a ruse, for whether 'licensed' to kill or not, his behaviour is essentially the same). Most often in gangster and war films any sexual relationship referred to is perfunctory; love is frequently characterized as a "weakness for women." In the western, sexual relationships either do not exist at all, or else are momentarily represented at a restrained level of sentimentality. The gallery of women which Eugene O'Neill, Arthur Miller, Lillian Hellman, William Inge, Tennessee Williams, Edward Albee present in American drama has sometimes been rationalized on the grounds that in several instances it derives from a

homosexual sensibility. If that were true — there would only be a few films, plays and novels with an appreciable sexual bias, and its *social* influence wouldn't be worth estimating.

But the hundreds of films, novels and plays which treat women with condescension, bitter satire, Gothic horror — or not at all — cannot be explained away so easily. **The Sound of Music** is as much a "sickie" as **Lady in a Cage:** whether a woman is drained of all sexuality through a sweetness-and-light sanitizing process, or frankly bludgeoned to death, the aim of both games is to get rid of her. America's "strangelove" culture isn't congenial to sex of any sort and finds its best and highest expressions — *with or without censorship* — in twisting, distorting and brutalizing sex out of existence. Unlike Stanley Kauffmann in his diagnosis of American drama, or Leslie Fiedler in his analysis of American literature, I do not care whether the dominant sexual theme in American culture is a latent this or overt that; I am only concerned with whether it possesses qualities of being humane. In what measure there is trust and tenderness and a constructive use of intelligence among people, is more important, and more edifying, than being a sexual worrywart concerned with cataloguing who pokes whom in what orifice — literally or symbolically — in American arts and life.

If the reader would prefer to see no connection between America's repressive sexual policies and its violence-preoccupied mass-culture; and no connection between that culture and the numerous manifestations of frustration and violence in its national life — on the grounds that these are inferential correlations, then it must appear doubly odd that in England, France and Sweden, the reverse effects are found in uniform order, and that Canada, standing midway between English and American cultures, turns out to have a middle rating on the scale of social violence. Countries without pernicious sexual myths (reflected both in their art and legislation) have comparatively low rates of violence, and do not appear to inspire right-wing ideologies.

Historic censorship cases in the United States and Canada have dealt mainly with "foreign" books and films: *Ulysses, Lady Chatterley's Lover, Fanny Hill,* and the American novel that went to Europe in order to live, *Tropic of Cancer.* In films, **Ecstasy, The Lovers, Lady Chatterley's Lover, 491** and currently **I am Curious** have all been prosecuted by those who believe that the only good body is a dead one.

Canadian censors released **Psycho** on a general permit; **Tom Jones** was restricted to those 18 and over. The **Mondo Cane** series were also available to audiences of all ages, while **Women of the World,** a slightly more charming film in the same vein, was restricted. When censorship systems as psychologically twisted as those which have prevailed in Canada and the United States are abolished, the effect is anti-climactic. It merely means that erotic materials have been given *parity* with the culture of violence.

England on the other hand has employed a system of censorship to reject films like **The Wild One** and **Lady in a Cage,** and novels such as Herbert Selby Jr's *Last Exit to Brooklyn* (not so much on the grounds of "obscenity" in the American sense, but because of the pathological qualities of these works). As a social safeguard of discouraging violence, England's censors have probably had little effect: the statistics of its national life indicate that violence has been rejected at another level — by the people generally. The American dream is a puritanical burden which life cannot support, and which does not support life; galling frustrations disfigure the lives of millions of its people making violent solutions indigenous to its culture (as the code of *machismo* invariably does to those countries which fall under its spell and the thraldom of death). Phrases such as "Un-American", "All-American", "red-blooded American" have no corresponding currency in England, or Canada.

D.W. Griffith's **Birth of a Nation** is virtually an index of American sexual pathology. White males and females, instead of being the *apposite* sexes they are, become "opposite" sexes, *maximizing* their differences, and conduct their relationships, as it were, by sending telegrams from the polar caps of "masculinity" and "femininity" with the wonder being how they will ever reproduce. Two "chums" representing North and South die on the battlefield locked in an embrace. Negroes in sharp contrast are shown to be boisterously physical: always singing, and doing some form of mass St. Vitus dance in the streets. Mulattos are an abomination, and the most luridly physical of all (i.e. in Griffith's vision, repulsive) as if the film were saying, how else could you be a mulatto unless born of unbridled lust? The Ku Klux Klan are depicted in the film as having their origin and function in preserving the virtue of white women from the ravages of blacks and mulattos. Over 5,000 negroes were lynched

and cruelly, obscenely tortured in the United States between 1882 (the year that Tuskegee Institute in Alabama began keeping its records of white racist atrocities) and 1950. The price of protecting imaginary innocence and proving imaginary potency was the *real* death of thousands of negroes.

A function of literacy — ideally — is that it enables people to transcend their time in history and the immediate culture around them; thus even in a country with a mass-culture of deleterious myths, it would be possible for people to turn to other countries, other cultures, for a saving remnant of health. A survey published in the *Saturday Review of Literature* (May 12, 1951) permits us to gauge to what extent literacy functions in the United States as *immunization* from other forms of mass-media:

"If by a 'book-reader' we mean anyone who reads at least one book every six months, then about half the adult population would qualify. If the definition requires the reading of at least one book a month — the usual definition in the field — the figure becomes 25 to 30%; and if it requires at least one book a week, then only 6 to 8% of the adult population are book readers. About 10% of the adult population does 70% of the book reading, and are responsible for 80% of all sales."

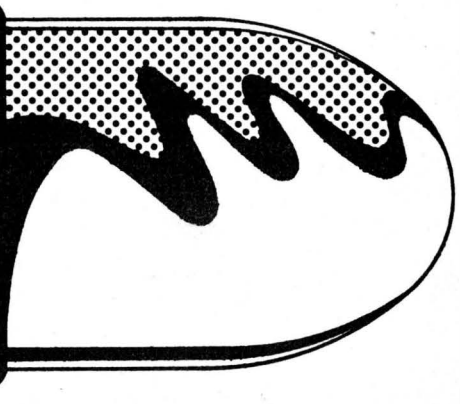
As a novel, *Peyton Place* had a sale of ten million. As a sanitized but sniggering television program, it has a following of roughly thirty million. Of course, *Peyton Place* in either form, *represents* American mass culture — not a liberated departure from it. With recent sales figures *(Publisher's World,* 1966) we can see that books which are part of American mass culture have hard-cover sales of 150,000 or more (samples: James A. Michener's *The Source,* 238,000 copies; Billy Graham's *World Aflame,* 190,000 copies; Johnny Carson's *Happiness is a Dry Martini,* 172,000 copies) whereas works which present any reflective criticism of life regularly fall below that figure. For a book to hold a position on the ten best-selling "quality paperback" book list in 1964 — such as Michael Harrington's *The Other America,* a study of poverty in the United States — it had only to sell 70,000 copies.

As an indication of active literacy in European countries, it is instructive that in 1962 England alone published 4,000 more new *titles* than did the United States; Germany in 1964 published 2,000 more new titles than the United States. In the same year, 57,000 copies in expensive editions were sold in Italy of James Baldwin's *Another Country;* in West Germany, 250,000 high-priced editions of Mary McCarthy's *The Group* were sold.

When a nation presumes to extend its "moral" leadership around the world, there is a particular need to determine by objective criteria and cross-cultural comparisons of contemporary relevance, what substance, if any, there is to the claim that its way of life *is* exemplary. When *Time* reviewed **Far From Viet Nam** by "six left-wing French directors, including Jean-Luc Godard, Alain Resnais and Claude Lelouch," it criticized the "heavy-handed amateur ironies" giving as its example a doctored Polaroid commercial that shows a still of a dead soldier. It's not subtle. Clyde Barrow's impotence wasn't subtle either. But there *is* a profound dislocation in American life between what it professes and what it achieves. Its films and television commercials give us a warm bath of sentiment about brides'n'babies which the Pentagon is all too well prepared to follow with a cold shower of irony. Those who think that A is for aesthetics rather than atomic weapons can count brownies right up until the moment the earth's surface suddenly resembles that of the moon. If — in *Time*'s opinion — we have to lower the tone of modern art for a generation while making a concerted effort just to live, so be it. At least we are assured that our art will never be so pathological as Death Valley, U.S.A.

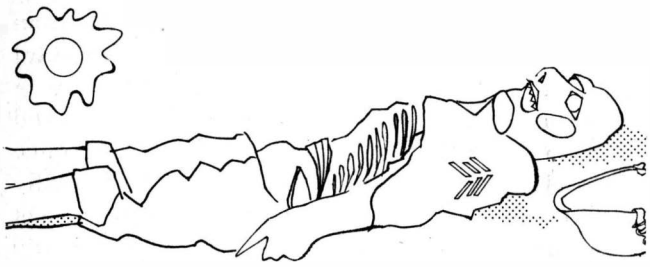
FILM VIOLENCE- IS IT NECESSARY?

fredric wertham m.d.



The problem of violence in films is really the problem of violence itself. When we ask ourselves — or rather when we are asked — is film violence necessary, we really have to face the much larger

question: Is human violence ever necessary? For art (in our time movies are one of the most important art forms) and life are not completely separate. Whatever we may think of Tolstoy's other theories, his insistence that art and life are inseparable is as valid today as when he wrote it. Most of those who are so defensive and apologetic about film violence are, underneath, complaisant and unconcerned about the actual violent manifestations in our life.



My studies of violence have led me to the conclusion that human violence is not inevitable; that it is not a biological instinct like sex or the desire for food; that it is not ineradicable from human nature nor from society; and that it can be greatly reduced and even eventually abolished. This is not a hope; it is a prognosis. If violence can be conditioned up by propaganda (as we have abundantly learned that it can), it can also be conditioned down. The very fact that these results are considered so controversial shows how much we have let ourselves be conditioned to accept a social evil as part of our inescapable destiny. An inborn instinct is something positive; human violence is due to negative factors in the personality and in the social medium. Of course the struggle of man against murder will take a very long time. But I believe that if we want to prevent violence we must have this long-range, wider perspective. Fifty years ago travelling to the moon seemed just as impossible as preventing war and violence does now. Yet it is on our current agenda.

Human violence means injuring or killing another human being. Of course symbolic violence and other similar phenomena exist; but they are essentially different. A psychologist writes: vegetables have a life, too, and therefore "even when we eat salad, we kill". That is a good (and not unusual) way to obscure the whole issue. The word *aggression,* so widely used in this connection, is both ambiguous and misleading. It is applied to violence and to something totally different as well, namely to constructive action. The fact that this term is so popular among some behavioral scientists and politicians is revealing.

Violence represented and violence carried out, that is to say violence in fiction and violence in fact, are psychologically and socially not two mutually exclusive opposites. They influence each other in many different ways. One of the most blood-drenched, sadistic novels ever published, *Mafarka,* which ran into several editions, was written by F.T. Marinetti who later, as a fascist, advocated, practiced and glorified excessive real violences in civil and foreign war.

The profusion of brutality, cruelty, torture, sadism and every kind of violence in our movies constitutes a very serious social problem. That is part of what Governor Nelson Rockefeller meant when he said in his recent Crime Conference that "there is no greater challenge to our society than the question of the portrayal of violence in the mass media." Off and on I have carried out a content analysis of films. Undoubtedly there is in them a rising curve of violence of every description. In no other human activity does the film-makers' imagination seem to operate as easily, as happily and as resourcefully as in the area of killing. In family dramas or in stories of the prairie, violence abounds — whether it is concerned with in-laws or with outlaws.

Asking people about their reactions turned out to be adding to content analysis a sort of discontent analysis. With regard to violence, moviegoers fall into three categories. First, there are those who told of being genuinely upset: they closed or covered their eyes at certain scenes or walked out of the movie. They made up a considerable percentage. Others were enthralled, fascinated and captivated. The third group had become completely accustomed to it. They were indifferent and felt: this is how it is; you might as well see it. This is in my opinion the most dangerous and socially harmful effect. It would be foolhardy to assume that such an attitude does not spill over into actual life. What it really signifies is a devaluation of human life.

Many excuses are offered to justify the proliferation of fictional violence. One is that to depict the most gruesome details is a requirement of realism. I don't think it is. Realism always entails a certain conception of reality. The picture that the violent movies gives us is not truthful, but is distorted. Holding up the mirror to violence does not mean holding up the mirror to life. You can play tricks with reality.

The violent movies do not paint life; they exploit it. As Balzac, himself a great realist, wrote: "It is not enough to observe and to paint, it is necessary to paint and observe with a purpose." Is the purpose of the staggering film violence really to represent life with veracity, or is it not rather to thrill and to shock? Or to attract people, especially young people, with the false idea that ruthlessness is heroic, strong, masculine? Often violence is grossly exaggerated. The director Ello Petri

(The Tenth Victim) tries to justify this by saying that by sheer exaggeration he hopes to show that sadism and violence are not glamorous. That is not how the audience sees it.

A standard excuse is the claim that showing a lot of violence is a deterrent to violence. War movies are an example. They are promoted under the pretext that they teach us to deplore war, when in reality they make war look adventurous and exciting. They pose as anti-war films but have pro-war tendencies. Sometimes laughter and comedy are introduced into the picture, but I do not think that under any circumstances violent death is something to laugh about. In general, it is a great fallacy to believe that in order to combat violence you have to show it as gorily as possible.

The idea that has done the greatest harm to American audiences, especially to youths, is the notion that film violence provides a safe outlet for hostility and pent-up aggression; that it functions as a safety valve; that it provides a vicarious satisfaction, thus preventing violent acts; that it has a cathartic effect by relieving tensions that might otherwise explode into real action. It is interesting how many intelligent and educated people have fallen for this belief that the representation of sadistic scenes prevents the execution of sadistic acts. This whole conception is completely unsubstantiated clinically and experimentally. On the contrary, research shows that mass media violence, including movies, acts not as a substitute but as a stimulus.

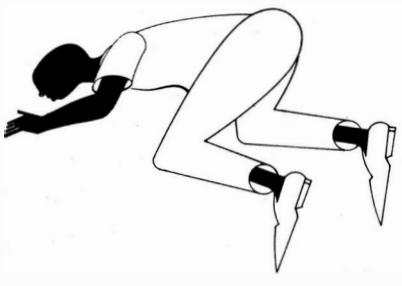
To use the term *catharsis* as justification for media mayhem is at best a misunderstanding. Neither Aristotle nor Freud nor Frantz Fanon meant it that way. The healthy-outlet theory is harmful to the young consumer, but is convenient and helpful to the adult producer and promoter. Do we give a child an erector set so that he will get rid of his interest in real construction, or a chemistry set so that he gets out of his system his natural bent for science? Recently a State Director of Mental Health advocated that children be permitted to explode their own fireworks because that would release tensions and "produce a cathartic effect". An editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* characterized this as folly. One of the most notorious sex criminals in American history, Albert Fish, who over a period of years killed some fifteen children and violated or mutilated about a hundred others, collected sadistic literature and clippings. That did not help him, as the glib phrase goes, to get rid of his aggressions, but gave him further impetus and suggestions.

As for scientific study of the effects of film violence, it is no longer possible to consider movies alone, in isolation. Modern youth is confronted with a broad spectrum of mass media including comic books, television and movies. All have made a fetish of violence. Consequently movies are only one voice in this counterpoint of violence. Even the children who have been protected (to the extent that is possible) from the influence of any of these categories come into contact with others who have not been so protected. So it is the total influence of mass media violence that has to be assessed.

Careful clinical research on a large variety of children and young people (presented in my book *A Sign For Cain*) has shown me that the saturation of young minds with violent images is detrimental to their development. It is demonstrably a contributing factor to emotional troubles and adjustment difficulties. Two kinds of violence profusely present on the screen are specially noxious. One is sadism. Sadism means getting not only satisfaction but pleasure as well (mostly sexual pleasure) from hurting another person. Display of cruelty, brutality and torture with erotic overtones stimulates sadistic feelings and actually teaches enjoyment of the pain of others. Suggestive sadism on the screen provides not a release in action but a passage to daydreams.

The other infectious kind of violence is the casual taking of life as a logical method of problem-solving. Whatever the problem may be, it will be solved by violence. What do you answer to a young man in jail who asks: "If they don't want us to be violent why do they show it to us all the time?"

The overall cumulative effect of continuous exposure to screen brutality, cruelty and homicide is a lowering of the threshold of sensitivity. It doesn't mean that the viewer will go right out and kill or beat up somebody. What is fostered is a tendency to be indifferent to the suffering of others. More and more people are getting accustomed to the use of violence as a legitimate method of behavior and regard violent death as a natural death. The fact that not everybody is affected does not mean that no one is or that one needs to be definitely predisposed. We are all impressionable and susceptible. Which impressions affect us most depends on many factors in our previous life and in our environment.



The matter-of-fact way in which violent means are continuously extolled in movies (and of course even more so on TV) is contributing to a current

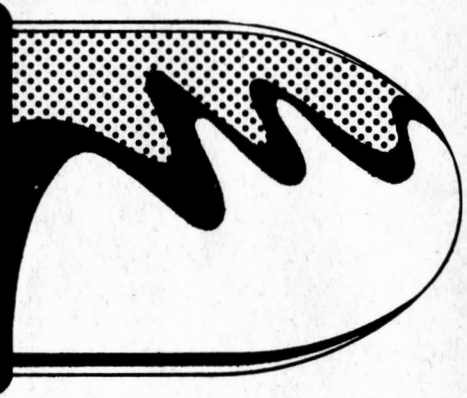
social phenomenon: One part of the population is tending more and more to believe that violence is necessary for any kind of social change. And another part is becoming equally convinced that violence is necessary and justified to prevent any social change.

Some toning down of the violence in films and in the mass media as a whole is at present a social necessity. Violence corrupts. What is needed is not censorship but education and the spreading of interest and understanding. One of the great obstacles is the absence of opposition to the excesses of violence-as-entertainment on the part of those social critics whose business it should be, in the words of Arnold Bennett, to keep an eye on things. That is the other side of violence. There is in fact in this whole field a considerable intellectual confusion: the platinumed platitudes of Marshall McLuhan (the medium as excuse for the absence of a message); the unrepresentative tape-recorded violent lives of Oscar Lewis (insulting to Mexicans, Puerto Ricans and the poor); the fanciful constructions of Robert Ardrey (misinterpreting animals as if they were humans and humans as if they were animals). Books like theirs and others similar are mass-produced, mass-promoted and mass-swallowed. They reinforce one another. One brain washes the other. When mothers from all over the country ask legitimate questions they are usually given fashionable clichés instead of scientific answer. Violence in fiction and in fact thrives in this atmosphere.

Apparently in the world of today the forces for violence preponderate over those trying to counteract it. Violence, it has been said, is the idiom of our time. It may be argued — in fact is often argued — that the film should faithfully reflect just that. That is a profound misunderstanding of art. Films are something more than entertainment or photographic reproduction. We are apt to underestimate the great mass influence of films. According to the *Scientific American*, they are "an art form that has in fifty years changed the thought and habits of large parts of the world". The moral physiognomy of our society is now characterized by violence. The screen is one of the areas where human progress is either furthered or retarded. Could it not help us to change our thoughts and habits about violence and aid us in the struggle against violence and hate? As a matter of fact, without that aid the struggle cannot be won.

TEN ADVANTAGES OF VIOLENCE

paul krassner



It's a reasonably safe assumption that all the writers in this issue of *Take One* are conforming to the editors' position *against* violence. In order to keep the marketplace of ideas as free as possible, I've decided to list here some of the chief arguments in *favor* of violence.

1. Violence is a time-binder. Brutality by police provides protesters with a way of knowing when a demonstration is over. Otherwise they just keep hanging around. This is analogous to the real purpose of rock music. The end of a song serves to let hippies know when they're finished dancing. It follows, of course, that violence is useful in bringing a concert to a halt. That is why *Life* magazine reporters expressed disappointment that there was no violence at the Monterey Pop Festival. The music obviously wasn't arousing enough to share with their readers.

2. Violence is pleasurable. The actual participants enjoy inflicting pain upon others. Consider the Tactical Patrol Force officers who club and kick people without arresting them. The motivation *must* be pure fun. One might presume that if persons need to be subdued physically, they must be doing something wrong. However, if these victims are punished without being apprehended, then those who are ostensibly law enforcers are in reality taking over the judicial branch of government. Besides, jogging is too impersonal a form of exercise.

3. Violence is entertainment. The same Times Square movie house which usually features "sexploitation" films has taken the next logical step with this double feature: **Triumph Over Violence** ("now nakedly exposed for the first time, stark brutality and degradation" . . . "bizarre and

barbaric" . . . "the most unbelievable, unforgettable crimes against all mankind") and **Sadismo** ("actually filmed in the dark corners of our so-called 'civilized world' "). That's not to be outdone by the art theatre which advertises the Cannes Film Festival award-winning **Young Torless** with quotes from *Time* magazine ("an orgy of cruelty") and the *New York Times* ("a drama of sadism and heartlessness"). Spectator sports are an American tradition.

4. Violence inspires communication. It helps close the generation gap. Whenever there is an assassination, many young people immediately call up their parents, whom they haven't spoken to in months, maybe longer, depending on when the last assassination occurred. The excitement of such events brings folks closer together. Awareness of your own mortality even enables you to speak to strangers.

5. Violence is an artistic challenge. Arthur Penn, the director of **Bonnie and Clyde,** describes the death of Clyde: "I wanted to get the spasm of death, and so I used four cameras, each one at a different speed, 24, 48, 72 and 96, I think, and different lenses, so that I could cut to get the shock and at the same time the ballet of death. There's a moment in death when the body no longer functions, when it becomes an object and has a certain kind of detached ugly beauty. It was that aspect that I was trying to get." And the death of Bonnie: "Bonnie was trapped in the car and I wanted the two kinds of death: Clyde's to be rather like a ballet, and Bonnie's to have the physical shock. So we shot it with all those different cameras. We put on the bullet holes — and there's even a piece of Warren's head that comes off, like that famous photograph of Kennedy . . . Faye was trapped behind the wheel. We tied one leg to the gear shift so that she would feel free to fall, but wouldn't fall out of the car. We shot it three or four times to get this feeling, and changed speed and lenses constantly to get this sort of change of pace in space and time."

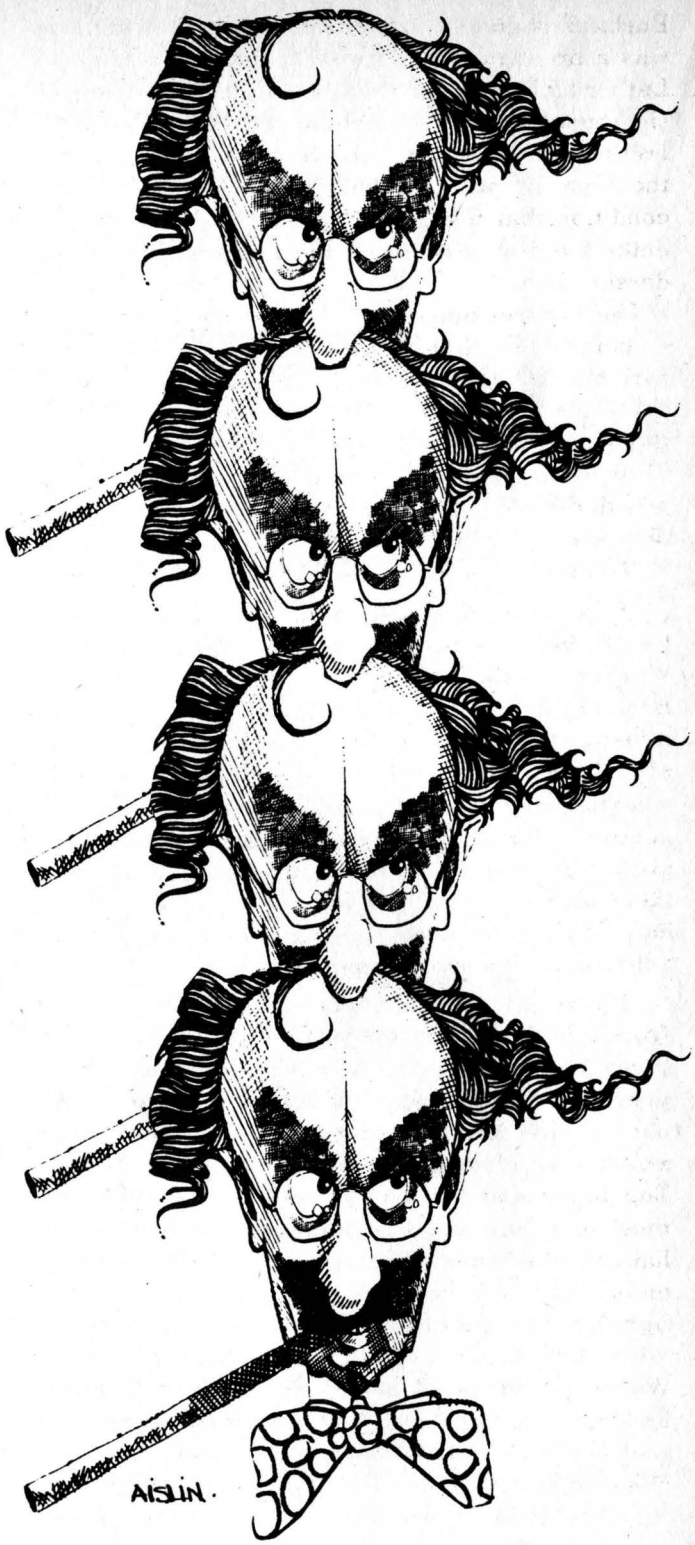
6. Violence is a handy scapegoat. Physical brutality and instant death are much easier to attack than indirect and long-range kinds of violence, such as pushing dangerous drugs like nicotine, alcohol and caffeine; polluting air and water; spraying plants with poison; injecting animals with hormones; manufacturing unsafe automobiles; putting people in jail for smoking marijuana; forbidding sexual activity; permitting sexual activity but forbidding birth control; permitting birth control but forbidding abortion; destroying surplus crops while Biafrans starve.

7. Violence is a respected tribal ritual. Studies of mothers and fathers who indulge in "the battered child syndrome" — burning, maiming, torturing their own youngsters — have shown that they are merely passing on from generation to generation a form of family behavior which they themselves experienced as children. If you break this evolutionary chain, it will bring you bad luck.

8. Violence is good for business. After Bobby's death, you could purchase Kennedy campaign buttons at the special rate of one thousand for $75. You could buy giant Kennedy campaign posters in color. But most of all you could get a metal-cast bas-relief of the late Senator's face with psychedelic lettering that spells out I LOVE BOBBY. You have the choice of using it as a medallion, a wall plaque or a paperweight. If you don't wish to be classified as a necrophiliac, the manufacturer will gladly add a letter so that your message will read: I LOVED BOBBY. Anything to accomodate the self-conscious customer.

9. Violence helps develop sensitivity. Peter Martinson, a former member of the United States Army who served in Vietnam, testified at the International War Crimes Tribunal: ". . . I was not certain if he belonged to the Viet Cong, but I was quite sure he was lying about not knowing where they were. I decided to beat him. This did not help. I struck him with my hand. This did not produce anything, except a long string of 'I don't know's,' and then — as was often the case — another interrogator took my place, an interrogation officer. I told (him) that I couldn't get anything out of the prisoner. The Lieutenant proceeded to do the same thing as I had been doing, finally beating the prisoner, and this did not work. (He) had an army field telephone, which works on batteries and a generator. It can give a nasty shock; a very nasty shock, frightening! The interrogation continued with the prisoner being tortured by using the field telephone. The telephones were first secured to his hands and then the field telephone wires were placed on his sexual organs. I left, I could not watch it . . ."

10. Violence is necessary to overcome evil. The problem is, evil men don't think they're evil. Adolph Hitler thought he was a good guy. But there is what Herbert Marcuse speaks of as "objective evil." True, my objectivity may be considered subjective in relation to *your* objectivity, but I believe that whites have been objectively evil to blacks, I believe that the Batista regime in Cuba was objectively evil, I believe that our presence in Southeast Asia is objectively evil. They are my brothers, the blacks, the Fidelistas, the Viet Cong. "Make no mistake of it," wrote Dalton Trumbo in *Johnny Got His Gun,* "we will live. We will be alive and we will walk and talk and eat and sing and laugh and feel and love and bear our children in tranquility in security in decency in peace. You plan the wars you masters of men plan the wars and point the way and we will point the gun."



groucho writes

When the Marx Brothers were about to make a movie called "A Night in Casablanca," there were threats of legal action from the Warner Brothers, who five years before, had made a picture called, simply, "Casablanca" (with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman as stars). Whereupon Groucho, speaking for his brothers and himself, immediately dispatched the following letters:

Dear Warner Brothers:

Apparently there is more than one way of conquering a city and holding it as your own. For example, up to the time that we contemplated making this picture, I had no idea that the city of Casablanca belonged exclusively to Warner Brothers. However, it was only a few days after our announcement appeared that we received your long, ominous legal document warning us not to use the name Casablanca.

It seems that in 1471, Ferdinand Balboa Warner, your great-great-grandfather, while looking for a shortcut to the city of Burbank, had stumbled on the shores of Africa and, raising his alpenstock (which he later turned in for a hundred shares of the common), named it Casablanca.

I just don't understand your attitude. Even if you plan on re-releasing your picture, I am sure that the average movie fan could learn in time to distinguish between Ingrid Bergman and Harpo. I don't know whether I could, but I certainly would like to try.

You claim you own Casablanca and that no one else can use that name without your permission. What about "Warner Brothers"? Do you own that, too? You probably have the right to use the name Warner, but what about Brothers? Professionally, we were brothers long before you were. We were touring the sticks as The Marx Brothers when Vitaphone was still a gleam in the inventor's eye, and even before us there had been other brothers — the Smith Brothers; the Brothers Karamazov; Dan Brothers, an outfielder with Detroit; and "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" (This was originally "Brothers, Can You Spare a Dime?" but this was spreading a dime pretty thin, so they threw out one brother gave all the money to the other one and whittled it down to, "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?")

Now Jack, how about you? Do you maintain that yours is an original name? Well, it's not. It was used long before you were born. Offhand, I can think of two Jacks — there was Jack of "Jack and the Beanstalk," and Jack the Ripper, who cut quite a figure in his day.

As for you, Harry, you probably sign your checks, sure in the belief that you are the first Harry of all time and that all other Harrys are imposters. I can think of two Harrys that preceded you. There was Lighthouse Harry of Revolutionary fame and a Harry Appelbaum who lived on the corner of 93rd Street and Lexington Avenue. Unfortunately. Appelbaum wasn't too well known. The last I hard of him, he was selling neckties at Weber and Heilbroner.

Now about the Burbank studio. I believe this is what you brothers call your place. Old man

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Burbank is gone. Perhaps you remember him. He was a great man in a garden. His wife often said Luther had ten green thumbs. What a witty woman she must have been! Burbank was the wizard who crossed all those fruits and vegetables until he had the poor plants in such a confused and jittery condition that they could never decide whether to enter the dining room on the meat platter or the dessert dish.

This is pure conjecture, of course, but who knows — perhaps Burbank's survivors aren't too happy with the fact that a plant that grinds out pictures on a quota settled in their town, appropriated Burbank's name and uses it as a front for their films. It is even possible that the Burbank family is prouder of the potato produced by the old man than they are of the fact that from your studio emerged "Casablanca" or even "Gold Diggers of 1931".

This all seems to add up to a pretty bitter tirade, but I assure you it's not meant to. I love Warners. Some of my best friends are Warner Brothers. It is even possible that I am doing you an injustice and that you, yourselves, know nothing at all about this dog-in-the-Wanger attitude. It wouldn't surprise me at all to discover that the heads of your legal department are unaware of this absurd dispute, for I am acquainted with many of them and they are fine fellows with curly black hair, double-breasted suits and a love of their fellow man that out-Saroyans Saroyan.

I have a hunch that this attempt to prevent us from using the title is the brainchild of some ferret-faced shyster, serving a brief apprenticeship in your legal department. I know the type well — hot out of law school, hungry for success and too ambitious to follow the natural laws of promotion. This bar sinister probably needled your attorneys, most of whom are fine fellows with curly black hair, double-breasted suits, etc., into attempting to enjoin us. Well, he won't get away with it! We'll fight him to the highest court! No pasty-faced legal adventurer is going to cause bad blood between the Warners and the Marxes. We are all brothers under the skin and we'll remain friends till the last reel of "A Night in Casablanca" goes tumbling over the spool.

Sincerely,
Groucho Marx

For some curious reason, this letter seemed to puzzle the Warner Brothers legal department. They wrote — in all seriousness — and asked if the Marxes could give them some idea of what their story was about. They felt that something might be worked out. So Groucho replied:

Dear Warners:

There isn't much I can tell you about the story. In it I play a Doctor of Divinity who ministers to the natives and, as a sideline, hawks can openers and pea jackets to the savages along the Gold Coast of Africa.

When I first meet Chico, he is working in a saloon, selling sponges to barflies who are unable to carry their liquor. Harpo is an Arabian caddie who lives in a small Grecian urn on the outskirts of the city.

As the picture opens, Porridge, a mealy-mouthed native girl, is sharpening some arrows for the hunt. Paul Hangover, our hero, is constantly lighting two cigarettes simultaneously. He apparently is unaware of the cigarette shortage.

There are many scenes of splendor and fierce antagonisms, and Color, an Abyssinian messenger boy, runs Riot. Riot, in case you have never been there, is a small night club on the edge of town.

There's a lot more I could tell you, but I don't want to spoil it for you. All this has been okayed by the Hays Office, Good Housekeeping and the survivors of the Haymarket Riots; and if the times are ripe, this picture can be the opening gun in a new worldwide disaster.

Cordially,
Groucho Marx

Instead of mollifying them, this note seemed to puzzle the attorneys even more; they wrote back and said they still didn't understand the story line and they would appreciate it if Mr. Marx would explain the plot in more detail. So Groucho obliged with the following:

Dear Brothers:

Since I last wrote you, I regret to say there have been some changes in the plot of our new picture, "A Night in Casablanca." In the new version I play Bordello, the sweetheart of Humphrey Bogart. Harpo and Chico are itinerant rug peddlers who are weary of laying rugs and enter a monastery just for a lark. This is a good joke on them, as there hasn't been a lark in the place for fifteen years.

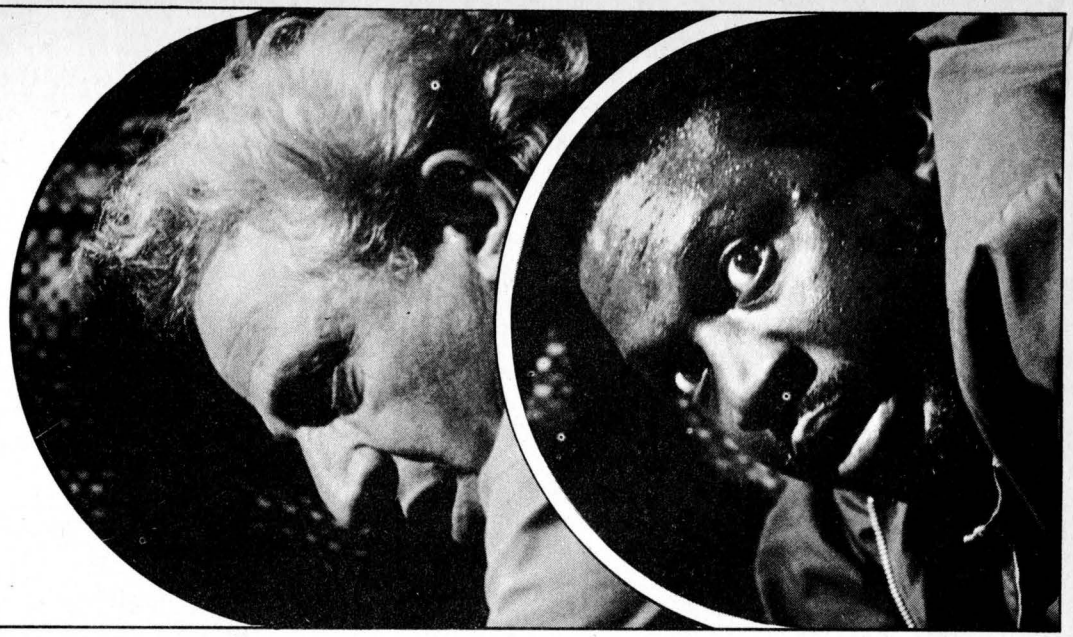
Across from this monastery, hard by a jetty, is a waterfront hotel, chockfull of apple-cheeked damsels, most of whom have been barred by the Hays Office for soliciting. In the fifth reel, Gladstone makes a speech that sets the House of Commons in an uproar and the King promptly asks for his resignation. Harpo marries a hotel detective; Chico operates an ostrich farm. Humphrey Bogart's girl, Bordello, spends her last years in a Bacall house.

This, as you can see, is a very skimpy outline. The only thing that can save us from extinction is a continuation of the film shortage.

Fondly,
Groucho Marx

After that, the Marxes heard no more from the Warner Brothers' legal department.

THE RACE RACE!! or * too late blues



by AXEL MADSEN

Jules Dassin directs his all-Negro cast in **Up Tight** with clenched zest. The robed and dirty-jeaned characters in this studio decor of a ghetto bowling alley look like something out of a Black Power nightmare, which is exactly what they are supposed to. Making his first picture in America in 18 years, Dassin wants to be meaningful and to splash on the screen a raw-nerved version of the country's Theme No 1. In the race race, as cynics call it, Dassin is making the first top-budget (over $2-million) film ever released by a major (Paramount) to be exclusively concerned with the black man's view of things. But he is hard-pressed. Warner Bros.-Seven Arts has signed the first Negro director to work the Big Time and Columbia has James Baldwin toiling over the script of a Malcolm X 'biopic.'

"It's the story of an informer in a revolutionary situation," says the chain-smoking Dassin between takes at Paramount's Culver City lot. "The story begins the day Martin Luther King was murdered and takes place in Cleveland. We shot some stuff up there, but came back a little early. The pressure was too much up there."

From black militants?

"Yeah, that also. They were very suspicious in the beginning."

The blue-eyed and white-maned filmmaker speaks in staccato sentences. He is tense and wants to do this one right. **Up Tight** is billed as anything but a with it flick that ultimately soothes white audiences while pretending to shake them up. "We're beyond civil rights. We're in there where it hurts, dramatizing the two alternatives available to black people — the non-aggression of Dr. King and the violence of the black power movement — and showing the value both routes hold for Negroes today."

In the fast-changing landscape of race, Dassin may in a sense be too late although seeing him direct — tense, authoritative, ebullient — makes one feel he may pull it off. His command also makes one wonder about the black postulate that only black artists have the moral right to deal with black life, as Baldwin pretends, a stand that, however laudible, leaves a faint aftertaste of Hitler driving Jews out of UFA with the argument that only Germans could make German films. Yet, when one sees what traditional Hollywood has done to the Negro, one begins to get a glimpse of the depth and pervasiveness of conditioned racism.

Dassin *is* the right filmmaker for this uptight story of betrayal. The 56-year-old son of Russian emigrants started social criticism early — **The Naked City, Thieves' Highway** and **Night and the City** that he made between 1948 and his exile in 1951, were brutal, slashing exposures of urban evil. In France, of course, he made the best 'film noir' that everybody copies, including the French — **Rififi chez les hommes** — and could anyone be more "Mediterranean" than Dassin in **Never On Sunday?** Militant Negroes, however, don't want even compassionate white concern and W7 may be doing the only right thing in signing Gordon Parks to put on film a black man's story.

"Sure I listen. Do I ever listen," Dassin said when I asked him whether his actors were allowed to make suggestions and be part of the creativity. "I rewrite every day."

Dassin shares writing credits on **Up Tight** (a title he's not sure he likes) with two Negroes he put in the film — Julian Mayfield, who plays the informer and Ruby Dee, who plays his girlfriend. Mayfield is a 250-lb novelist who spent six years in Ghana as Kwame Nkrumah's adviser and Miss Dee, wife of Ossie Davis, is an actress seen in **A Raisin in the Sun, The Balcony** and **St. Louis Blues.** Raymond St-

Jacques, last seen as a tonton macoute in **The Comedians** and as a Green Beret in **The Green Berets,** plays B.G., the leader of the militant group and actor-director Frank Silvera (responsible for the success of Baldwin's play *The Amen Corner),* plays the leader pleading for moderation.

When **Up Tight** was first announced as Dassin's remake of John Ford's 1935 classic **The Informer,** the reaction was hardly enthusiastic. The project, *Variety* tartly noted, sounded "a lot like Hollywood's answer to David Merrick's all-Negro *Hello Dolly.*"

"You'd be a complete fool to remake **The Informer**; it's a great film," grimaced Dassin. "My film is in no real sense a remake of Ford's except that they both deal with a man who informs on one of his compatriots in a revolutionary situation." The theme, of course, is as old as human history and, incidentally, Roger Corman wants to make a Judas picture in which the betraying disciple is portrayed as a Jewish patriot who sells Jesus in order to provoke Him into leading an open revolt against the Roman occupational forces. In Ford's Victor MacLaglen-starrer, the informer was an Irishman during the struggle for independence before 1922.

Meanwhile, the black evolution in entertainment continues. While tv is giving the racial problem a special treatment, black leaders are protesting the upcoming filmization of bestselling *The Confessions of Nat Turner* and Parks is preparing to film his auto-biographical novel *The Learning Tree* this fall.

Parks is a mustachioed former *Life* photographer and tv documentarist in his early 40s. *The Learning Tree* has been translated into nine languages and will be filmed in the mid-West, perhaps in Parks's native Fort Scott, Kansas. Incidentally, his son, David, is also a novelist, the author of *G.I. Diary,* a Vietnam war novel.

Columbia signed James Baldwin six months ago to write the screenplay of its film on Malcolm X, but, like **Nat Turner,** it seems up in the air. Baldwin may be a shade too angry for the Hollywood state of mind (a filmization of his *Another Country* was never produced although he worked on it for a year with Tony Richardson). No director has been signed and it doesn't seem likely that Columbia will get it before the cameras this year — if ever.

Terming himself a custodian of a legend, Baldwin promises that the film will "not be a study of a racist fanatic, because that isn't what Malcolm was. The audience will see the growing up of a man in a certain time, in a certain place, trapped in a certain skin."

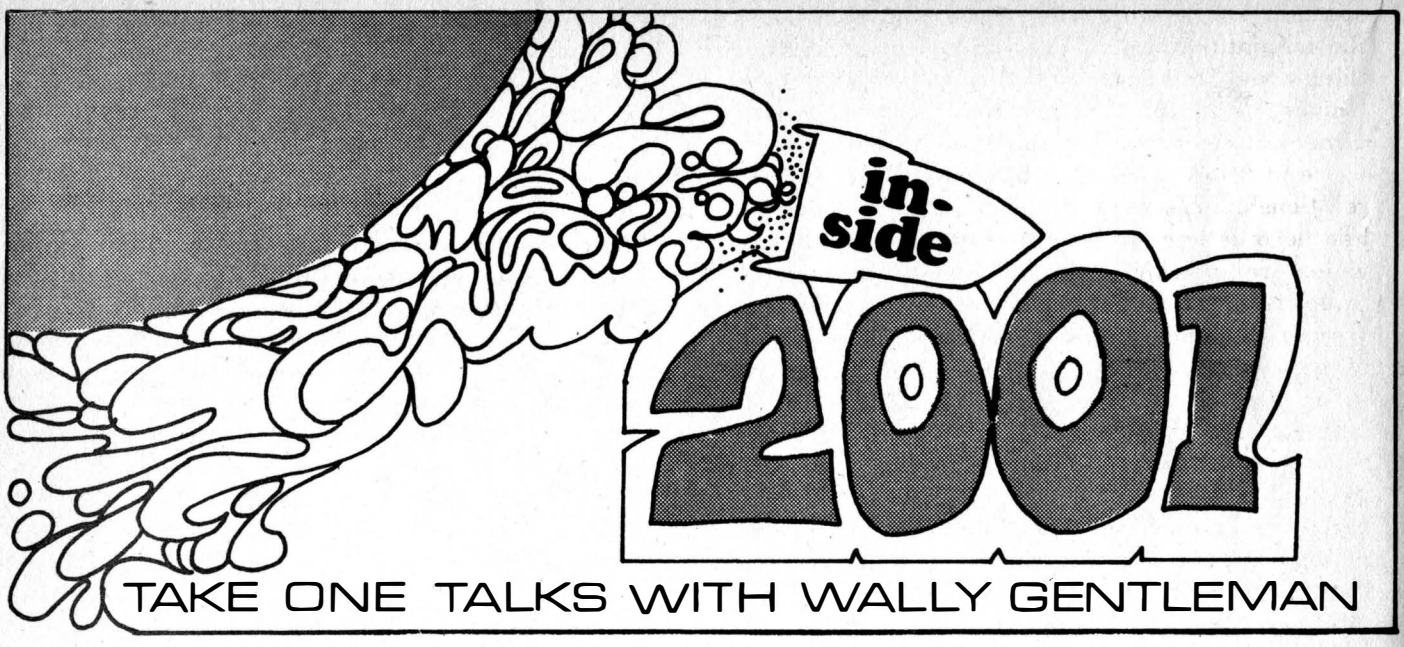
While tv exposed Hollywood's outrageous treatment of Negroes this summer, black showbiz leaders' protest against *Nat Turner* apparently has been successful. It now seems doubtful whether William Styron's novel — to be produced by David Wolper (for 20th Century Fox release) and directed by Norman Jewison — will reach the screen. Ossie Davis and Godfrey Cambridge were the leaders of the protest asking Jewison to cease and desist. The showbiz Negroes asked that a film be made on the historical facts of the 19th century leader of an unsuccessful slave uprising or that no film be made at all. "You are murdering the legend of Nat Turner, one of the great ethnic heroes of black Americans," the group told Jewison and Wolper in an open letter. "You are distorting and falsifying the history of the black people."

The Negroes are backed by the cream of the New York literati. Critic Richard Gilman (in The New Republic) explains the book's success by the fact that the readers strenuously wanted to see it as something else. "They wanted to see it, white and Negroes alike, as a novel about a black man, about slavery and rebellion against slavery, a kind of manifesto, a statement backed by the prestige of literature, with immediate social and political consequences," Gilman wrote. Jewison has defended the unmade film (and the ridiculously inflated investment of $600,000 paid to Styron for the screen rights) by saying the protesters only have to read Styron's introduction. "Styron says he is 'not writing history, but a meditation on history'." Jewison says. As for his own record, Jewison feels **In the Heat of the Night** speaks for itself as far as his feelings toward social criticism.

Things are moving fast, however. **In the Heat of the Night** is, like Stanley Kramer's **Guess Who's Coming to Dinner,** totally outdated one year after its making and the fall or winter 1969-70 is no time to make 'meditations on history' of the black man.

Tv has been digging into the Hollywood vaults and showing up Glamourland's treatment of Negroes from the actual racism of D.W. Griffith's pro-KKK **The Birth of a Nation** up through Bert Wheeler to Aunt Jemima to Stepin Fetchit and on down to Amos 'n' Andy, a flood of images of the Negro emasculated by Hollywood which Americans past 30 had once accepted. CBS, special, Negro History: Lost, Strayed or Stolen, came up with film clips showing the Negro as the shiftless, stupid, chicken-stealing buffoon, exposing such unlikely villains as Shirley Temple movies. Example: Little plantation owner Shirley bravely awaiting the arrival of the union troops while a palsied slave cowers behind her, saying: 'Oh, Honey-chile, them Yankees is mighty powerful; they can even change the weather.'

The hour is late and with Parks and **The Learning Tree** the only black on black film really on the drawing boards, Dassin's can sock it to us — hard and fast.



TAKE ONE TALKS WITH WALLY GENTLEMAN

First of all, could you fill us in as to your relation with the film; at what point you were called in, what you did, etc.

Kubrick called me down to New York for consultations with him when the script was at the story-board stage. That would have been very early in 1965. When I went down, the storyboarding under the art director Tony Masters was well advanced and Kubrick was interested in consulting me on just how these conceptions could be achieved without recourse to normal duping effects. He had repeatedly screened a couple of prints of **Universe** on which tramlines were scored by backwards and forwards visual inspection. Some critics have noted that **2001** had similarities to **Universe.** At that time he was anxious to have Colin Low, Sid Goldsmith and myself (we had co-operated closely on **Universe**) working with him. We were all pre-occupied on design and production for Labyrinth at that particular time. On completing equipment design and effects planning for Labyrinth, I decided that I would join Kubrick at his invitation to operate as Director of Special Effects for **Space Odyssey** because the outline treatment prepared at that time was the sort of script that comes around once every ten years. (Unfortunately, the story outline, as I read it, wasn't the way the film was finally produced as is too often the case.) I actually joined Kubrick in England, soon after our New York excursion, at my old studio at MGM Hertfordshire. Here the planning of the film had to proceed — the problems to be met and procedural methods to be instituted. My main duty at that time was to advise Stanley on the procuration and setting up of apparatus. I was with Kubrick during the preparatory stages and then the early part of the film production shooting, at which time we were joined by two very excellent people from Hollywood. There was Doug Trumbull and Con Pederson, both of whom had a large influence on the whole design of the spacecraft themselves. Kubrick has credited himself with the production and design of the special effects of **2001** which I regard as unflattering to the four people who were really involved in the actual design. Kubrick's method was to suggest that he wanted a certain scene and then the sketch artist would pull out eight different conceptions and then Kubrick would say "Well, I'd like a piece of this one and a piece of this one and a piece of that one. Now go back and do me another sketch." And then you would have four more sketches, and he would come back and say: "I'd like a piece of this one and of that one." — which becomes a terribly time-consuming process. And if in this way he means he designed, then that would be true.

When did you leave the production?

We were about 9 to 10 weeks into the floor production of the film when attention to an intestinal malignancy demanded exploratory surgery in hospital. This meant that I would be at least eight months convalescent after the operation, so at that point it was agreed a necessity to leave the production. By this time we had shot all the interiors on the Aries spacecraft, the Orion spacecraft and shooting on the space station wheel and the centrifuge was well into production. I didn't return to England after surgery in Canada — obviously the over eight month interval between was complete disruption of activity.

You say it was **Universe** *that first interested Kubrick in you. What were the novelties in* **Universe** *that appealed to him particularly?*

The main novelty in **Universe** was the applications Colin Low had made in getting a huge

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAOLO SABELLA

spatial relationship by using a very small area on the animation stand. This was *the* most striking thing about **Universe.** The other parallels between **Universe** and **2001** are the integration of three-dimensional models with one-dimensional art work to render more believable this huge spatial relationship. Also, during the filming of **Universe**, I had become very cognizant of the fact that things which are apparently happening on a cataclysmic scale can be obtained by shooting high speed into very small areas. In **Universe**, the flame shooting off the surface of the sun was shot on a square inch of cardboard and this particular effect was in actuality reflections from crenelated tin plate in revolution — a phenomenon that Colin Low came upon when he was looking at a cup of tea in his home and noticed the light dancing across the ceiling. This we sort of harnessed and applied and did this terribly miniature shooting for the huge effect.

Could you tell us something about how the film's effects were done?

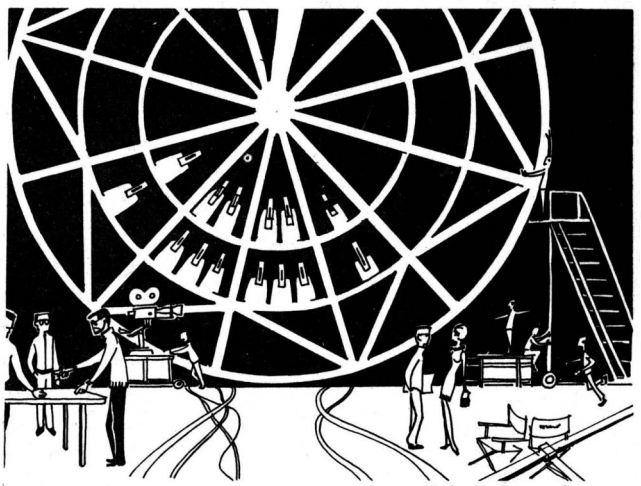
The first thing you must realize is that when you are dealing with a large format like 65mm, you have a very shallow depth of focus. This means that the subjects at infinity must always be forced to bring them within the depth of field. The elements that you attempt to put together in a scene are a combination of separate exposures. The space station for instance, would be a large foreground model and the miniature spaceship that would appear in the background would be an exposure — separately exposed — and laid into that particular scene. The star patterns themselves would be another exposure. So by separating exposures you keep all the various elements within sharp focus and when you lay all these images back on one piece of film, they continue to be sharp collectively. It must be realized that in space there is an infinity of depth where everything is crystal-sharp, so unless you do make every image of high resolution you begin to be aware that you are using a dupe photographic process.

So, for **2001** you would have had, say, an exposure for people in the window of the spaceship, you would have had an exposure for the spaceship itself, for another model also in the scene, and for the star background behind that. Within each scene, a range between four and ten separate elements. But the intricacy of all these related movements calls for many more processing steps.

For instance, *the* best method for reproducing colour is through black and white separation masters. Now, very few people do this. Most people like to avoid it because of the expense and time involved. Obviously if you can take one colour master and run it through the camera in one pass it is a much more commercial activity than running three separate masters through for comparable effect. But, on **2001** it was decided to go the route of colour separation masters for the much better quality offered plus the fact that you can do mixed master manipulations such as those which were part of the ride over Jupiter as seen in **2001**. In this particular technique, when you make your colour separation prints from the original colour film, you have three records which are representative of the red, green and blue elements in the scene. If you lay these back in their complementary orders of yellow, cyan, and magenta, but now you switch the relationships and you print the wrong record through the right filter, you get all these colour relationships mixed up and get this very off-key, unworldly type of effect — such as that used for the ride over Jupiter.

What was the original scene first filmed which was then transformed into the ride over Jupiter sequence?

Flights over landscapes and seascapes. One of the nicer effects you can get this way is when you can't get a recognizable image. The trouble with the interminable passes in **2001** was that they were all recognizable landscapes. But if you were, say, to do a tracking shot of trees through an interleaf of leaves and branches and put those slightly off focus and then mix masters on them, you'd have a really interesting abstract moving pattern.

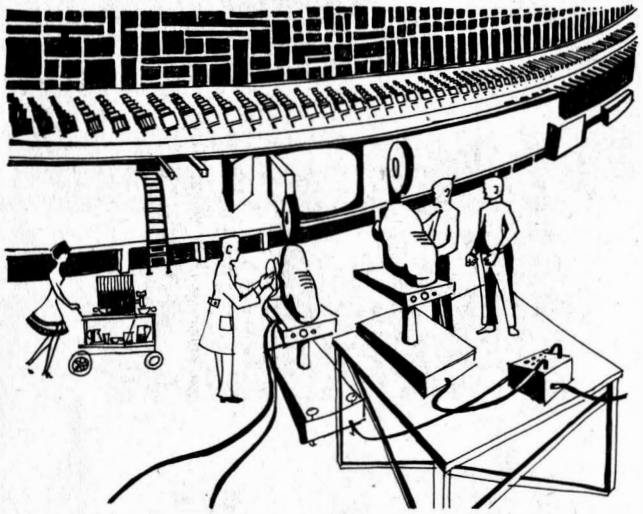


The exterior of the centrifuge, with read-out projectors mounted in position.

One of the other techniques that you can use is that if you have the facility for repeating a camera movement and a subject's actions identically, you can take several original shots of the same thing. Say, for instance, you have a spaceship which you know crosses the screen at a certain speed and stops at a certain place and your camera does the same thing. When you plan a set-up like that, you can expose an original negative and then you can expose another original negative. Send one to the laboratory and then the one you send to the

laboratory you can analyze frame by frame as to where you are going to put the other elements of the picture while retaining one original negative to re-expose on. This is a technique commonly used. For this, Kubrick set up what I consider to be an over-elaborate method of keeping track of all these elements — I think to the point of confusion.

Devices which one uses for supporting or turning models are black velvet columns photographed against black velvet back-drops. One lights the model very carefully, seeing that no spill-light falls on to the actual support column. But then you can be terribly cunning in the way that you support it because if you have a globe that is turning, obviously it has to be supported from somewhere and most people begin to look directly underneath for the support. Whereas in actual fact, what you would do is turn the camera completely upside down so that what is supporting it is actually hanging it — you run the camera



The space-wheel set, with hundreds of 10K lamps as ceiling light and rear-projectors for the view of Earth through the window.

backwards and everything comes out right again.

The technique of flying people that was adopted for use in **2001** is very excellent for concealing not only the wire but also for concealing (what is more important) the creases and the folds in the suit. When you strap a wire harness onto someone's body, where the wire comes out of the clothing there are always stress lines. To avoid this sort of problem you suspend the person from the ceiling and work with the camera directed up at them and you can't see the support wires. In the scene where Keir Dullea is dismantling Hal, the set is turned vertically so the camera is pointing straight up and he is hanging down by a wire from above.

That weightless shot in the moon shuttle was simply the pen supported on a piece of nylon thread and the pen itself was stuck on a revolving panel of glass when the stewardess picked it off. In front of the camera you erect a large sheet of glass, making sure you have no reflections in it, and then photograph through the glass with the pen on the other side.

The stars themselves — they are not simply drops of white paint on a black background are they?

Yes they are, mainly. When the filming was started, I insisted that all the stars were better duped into the scenes but Stanley was very much of the opinion that he wanted to have actual physical stars on the set. This rendered quite a large problem because there was immediately a difficulty with the depth of field, but nevertheless he persisted on shooting tests which meant drilling holes in sheet metal and putting them outside the cabin and back-lighting the holes with tremendous intensity. It was a terribly cumbersome arrangement when you are dealing with a large set, so ultimately all the stars were put into the scene by optical means. The stars can be produced easily by splattering white paint onto a glossy sheet of animation cel which has been painted black on the reverse side. If you paint matte black paint on the reverse side of a cel, you get an exceedingly deep glossy black on the other side of the cel and you splash your paint onto this. On **Universe,** Colin was producing the stars by using a toothbrush with poster paint on it and flicking the toothbrush so that the paint would fall in round droplets onto the card underneath.

In the various spacecraft, with all those tv screens, was each screen a separate matte?

No, I constructed a bank of 12 Bell and Howell 16mm motion picture projectors and all these projectors were lined up outside the spacecraft and projected into it. When they were in the centrifuge, there were 12 projectors stacked which went round with the whole centrifuge.

Was that centrifuge really necessary?

Not in my opinion. It was terribly expensive. There were some very cunning angles taken on it, but in my opinion it didn't contribute anything to the storyline. I would have been equally happy if someone had told me, "You pass through this door and now you are in the earth gravity room." It doesn't need any more than that. As to the tedium of changing the defective apparatus in the antenna — all that's window-dressing as far as I'm concerned. It contributes nothing.

The total budget of the film was 10 million dollars?

That I'm still not permitted to say. I do not know what the eventual total was.

What proportion of the total, roughly, was expended on special effects?

I would say too much.

Do you think it could have been done for less? With the same effect?

Oh, yes. Quite definitely. I think there was a

great wastage of time involved in the whole procedure. The obsession with the effects led to complications which didn't really assist the story line. As a special effects expert, I never see special effects as an end in themselves. Special effects are only of the best value when they support a good story-line and good story content. **2001** was a special effects vehicle. There are no two ways about it. But I really don't believe that a film should be made which is purely a special effects vehicle. I was very disappointed in the film itself as finished and I do feel that there was a complete obsession with the technical visuals which left the story-line neglected and bare. I am a little concerned that the general industry and public at large have all been quite willing to accept the film as being an unquestionable masterpiece and very few people have offered any criticism of the story-line structure which I think is exceedingly weak, very spotty, and irritatingly episodic. Film people in particular will rationalize a situation, and this is what is happening I think with **2001.** There are queries posed because the lines are insufficiently drawn and Stanley is being accorded all the kudos of being a masterly genius for producing something which is beyond our feeble mentality to appreciate — so all we are demonstrating is just how feeble we are by doing this very type of rationalization. And Stanley is actually feeding this tendency by refusing to discuss whole apects of the film. A respected dean of the Toronto film industry whose opinion I value, was being very facetious and cynically correct when he said that, "Once you get the people past the box office, who cares?" Now I've got a feeling that there is a bit of that sort of mentality in this film too.

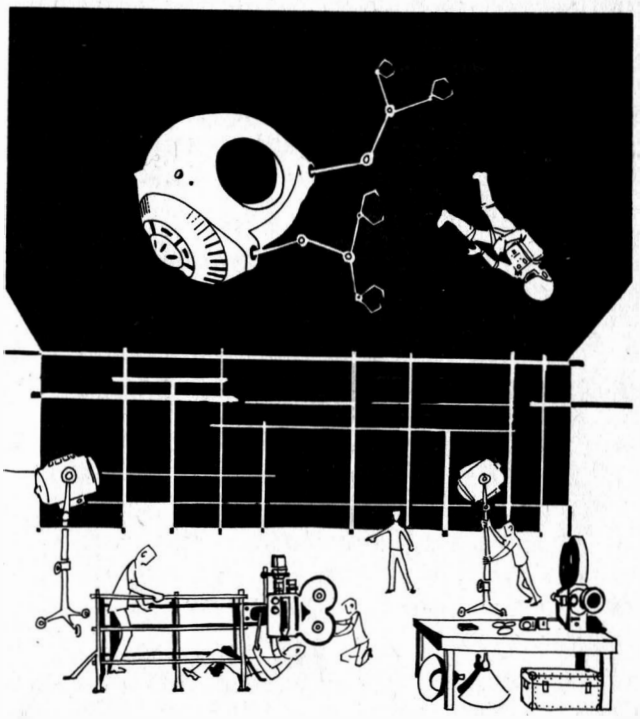
You mentioned that the original story-line — the one you first read — was quite different from that finally produced. Could you tell us something about what that original story outline was like?

Yes. It was much more coherent in so far as a story-line is concerned. The treatment that I was given was credited to Arthur Clarke and Stanley Kubrick but I have a feeling that Arthur Clarke had much more bearing on the story at that time than Kubrick latterly imposed on it.

Was Clarke in on most of the early discussions?

Yes, he was. He too is a very charming man, a very informed man and a delightful person to talk with. I saw much of him in the preparatory stages of the shooting, but very little after the film had started.

There were a number of complicated scenes that had strong visual qualities which were unaccountably left out of the final version. For instance, when the apes discover the monolith, we are induced to believe that they pick up their knowledge of how to use the bone as a weapon by communicating with their fingertips on the monolith. The original story-line indicated that when the monolith came down and appeared in their midst, in the center of the monolith would appear a picture of extra-terrestial beings who are physically demonstrating that in the midst of all this poverty and all this hunger, the apes could exist by eating all the meat which is around them — a sort of television screen. And later on, when the monolith on the moon gives off its shriek and everybody reacts — at that point it is explained in the original script that the sound was flung off in the direction of Jupiter. This makes the whole next episode much more understandable immediately because you know why this guy is going to Jupiter, but you don't know otherwise. So that's another change that was made. In fact I can think of many



Astronaut and model hanging from the ceiling, with camera pointing directly upwards.

changes that were made. I noticed many scenes that were shot which had been dropped out. In the original story treatment, when Poole is whipped off into deep space he is not dead. Because of this there is every reason why Bowman should leave the pod and go out and rescue him and bring him back, but I found it very difficult to believe that an accredited astronaut (with all the rigorous training he has had) would be so foolhardy as to leave his ship and its occupants to chase after a body which he would know to be dead.

Perhaps a more regrettable alteration was firstly the change of the moon artifact from a tetrahedron to a slab. I would consider the kinetic shape of the former to be more akin to exotic extra-terrestrial life than an impassive monolith.

But beyond this was the intention that upon the space ship's reaching Jupiter and its moons a great slot would be observed in an environmental moon. A space probe would be launched into the huge cavity and would radio a depth that would greatly exceed the diameter of that moon. This would be the first intimation of a star gate or space warp through which Bowman and his pod would be drawn on a ride to infinity over and through fantastically abstract and realistic extra-terrestrial cities.

From an effect point of view the aimless tumbling of a monolith, as contained in the final version, in my opinion was a very poor substitute and unclear as to purpose.

There has been criticism of the ape make-up and comparison between them and **Planet of the Apes.** *Have you any thoughts on this?*

I much admired the ape make-up in **Planet of the Apes** that facially I found superior to those of **2001.** However, the problem was not very comparable since body make-up was the main problem in **2001.**

I found the human proportions under the ape fur to be more disturbing than the fur itself and additional care in this direction would have been more convincing. Also, I was disturbed by the lack of coherence in the whole ape sequence and would have much preferred the earlier idea of primitive Neanderthal man both story-wise and visually. The transition from the thrown animal bone to the spacecraft was poorly dealt with and lacked the certainty and clarity that could have been afforded by a matched dissolve with bone and spacecraft at same direction and speed of travel.

2001: A Space Odyssey was a fine technical achievement and, in its attainment, the Alekkan — Gerrard method of front-projected transparency on the ape sequence was boldly used to good effect. For this, Stanley had constructed a huge 10' x 8' transparency plate projector that will have its impact on film production for a long time to come.

This method I introduced to the National Film Board in 1961 but could raise no enthusiasm amongst production staff for its institution. Only belatedly this year has Derek May attempted the first production use of this tool for the NFB. I am sure that **2001** has sparked off a great interest in this particular activity.

What is your opinion on the final production of **2001***?*

Disappointment. I consider that it did not fulfill it's bright promise. Apart from the visual interest it was interminably slow, episodic and obsessively photographed. The actors were stilted, colourless, unconvincing and dull. If it was the intent to relegate the human being to insignificance, then the film went a long way toward doing just that.

What comment have you to offer on Kubrick the filmmaker?

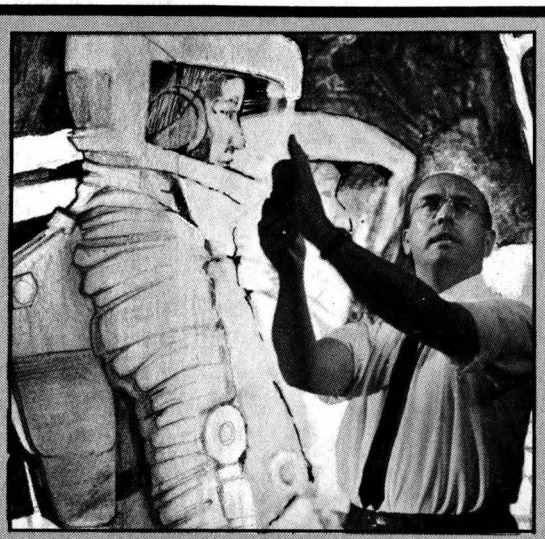
Primarily that no-one works with Kubrick, one only works for him — one simply becomes an extension of what he wants and this is not what I consider to be good. He has the talent for collecting really good people around him and dissipating their talents in futile chases after some ephemeral thing. But he knows where he is going and he knows what he wants, so the film stands or falls on Kubrick himself. I very much admired **Paths of Glory,** although I hated the American accents in the film, and certainly I was very much enraptured with **Dr. Strangelove.** But I don't feel that **Lolita** was a good film. I just wish Stanley would make an outright belly-laugh movie. He has a devastingly funny sense of humour that is clean and stimulating.

What is Kubrick doing now?

He is making a film, again at MGM. He has had a wing of offices built to accomodate him just as he did on **2001** and he now has the life story of Napoleon in the works. As the studio wags suggested, he should play the lead part.

Wally Gentleman C.S.C. originally entered the film industry in Great Britain with degrees in engineering and fine arts. After work with J. Arthur Rank Prods. and M.G.M. (British), he moved to Canada in 1957. He began work with the National Film Board (as Director of Special Photographic Effects) in that year and is currently President of his own Montreal-based special effects house.

He is an indefatigable worker for the advancement of the Canadian film industry. President of The Society of Film Makers, and member of both the Directors Guild of Canada and the Canadian Society of Cinematographers, he was a participant in the institution of the industry's first professional Canadian Film Awards.



take one REVIEWS

WEEKEND

Jean-Luc Godard's latest look at contemporary society centers on (what! not again?) violence, **Weekend** is the violent film to end all violent films. Most of it is taken up with a weekend automobile journey by a young bourgeois couple. The trip's beginning is an augury of what is to come: they bang into a neighbour's parked car and in the altercation that follows barely escape the blast of his shotgun.

All of which is treated as being rather commonplace. Such fights erupt constantly outside the couple's apartment building. Both husband and wife are having affairs and each plans to kill the other once they have jointly murdered the girl's wealthy mother.

The journey itself is one long traffic jam with a number of body-strewn accidents to break the monotony. (Here Godard gives full play to his penchant for primary colours — lots of bright red blood.)

The journey ends when the couple meets up with some practitioners of the politics of violence — though, as usual with Godard, the young guerrillas seem to be as influenced by the *Cahiers du Cinéma* as by the *Communist Manifesto:* one band calling itself **The Battleship Potemkin,** another **The Searchers.** (Godard's version of peaceful co-existence?)

All this is of course quite audacious, but then Godard is the world's most audacious filmmaker; who else would use France's latest sex kitten, Mireille Darc, and keep her fully clothed — even dressed as a man — throughout most of his film? He does allow her a verbal strip tease: as she tells about one of her erotic adventures her words are intermittently obliterated by sounds from the street outside.

Godard has said that in his latest films he has been attempting to simplify the filmmaking process, but technically **Weekend** is anything but simple. The editing is sparse (some of the takes seem to go on for the length of the reel) and there are the usual long speeches (political) made directly to the camera. But many of the lengthier takes are tours de force of camera mobility. Most of the journey is done with long tracking shots that seem to go on for miles. (**Weekend** must be a big budget film by Godard standards — these tracking shots involve scores of cars, many of them wrecked or overturned), and there is one amazing scene where the camera revolves 360 degrees. The effect is very unsettling because when the camera returns to places we have seen before there are often new people standing there. The result is something that rarely occurs in the cinema: the audience begins to wonder what the characters are doing when the camera is not on them.

All of this is more descriptive than evaluative but it is very difficult to evaluate any of Godard's films individually, since each one is only another chapter in a vast total work. Still, some judgements can be made. At one time Godard could be counted on to produce films that were totally different from any made before — either by other directors or by himself. This is, I think, no longer true. Since **Masculin-Feminin** Godard's films have become more intellectual (still passionate, but less compassionate), and from film to film there have been no great changes in style or subject matter (at least not the kind of changes there were between **Une Femme est Une Femme** and **Vivre Sa Vie,** or **Une Femme Mariée** and **Alphaville**).

Nevertheless Godard still remains a year ahead of most audiences and at least a couple of years ahead of all other filmmakers.

Joe Medjuck

Direction and script: Jean-Luc Godard; photography: Raoul Coutard; editing: Agnes Guillemot; Assistant Director: Charles Bitsch; Music: Antoine Duhamel; with: Mireille Darc, Jean Yanne, Juliet Berto, Jean-Pierre Leaud, Anne Wiazemski, Laslo Szabo; Eastman colour. (No credits given in the film.)

THE GREEN BERETS

The Green Berets is of honorable, if mixed, parentage. It draws on two venerable and not wholly contradictory traditions: in its appeal to the old familiars of decency and group-identity, it is firmly based in the theory and practise of the home-movie; while its concern for no-nonsense spiritual housekeeping as well as its eagerly innocent fingering of the phallic products of mass technology suggest an extended version of tv commercials for the latest roach-killer.

It is a committed film. From the opening moments of the Special Forces training at their Special Forces Camp at Ft. Bragg, to the sun sinking in the background, behind John Wayne at Da Nang (the perspective, not the geography, is the prime factor here), incident, plotpoint and mood are aimed at the critics of the war, personified by Beckworth, an appropriately weak-chinned liberal journalist, played by David Jannsen. Jannsen, within smiting distance of that mighty arm, tells Col. Wayne, at a Fort Bragg press briefing, he doesn't believe the US should be involved. (This is the one moment of genuine courage in the film.) Wayne asks: "You bin there?" Jannsen has not; and a five-second full frame allows Col. Wayne to show a fine contempt.

The conversion of the unbeliever provides the excuse — indeed the alibi — for what follows. The violence is inept and gross, Cong are filleted and fried in cauldrons of napalm and rapid-fire ammunition, while the Berets are occasionally skewered by the dreaded poison punji-sticks. It is all quite grisly.

Beckworth, having been to the Mountain, is asked at the end of the movie what he will write in his newspaper; he replies, "If I wrote what I really wanted to say, I'd be out of a job."

This conspiracy theory has no basis in truth. The only interference with journalists has been all the other way: President Kennedy suggested to the *New York Times* that the highly-critical David Halbestram, then in Vietnam, might profitably be given home assignments. *The Time* said no. And more recently, *The Times'* Miss Adler and Mr. Barnes, she for an unappreciative review of **The Green Berets,** he for a laudatory one of the musical, *Hair,* have had their pieces written into the Congressional Record at the behest of Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, as an example of what the Senator called their "depravity.")

Where the film does show enthusiasm for factual accuracy is in its insiderish knowledge of the mysteries of materiel and logistics. The camera licks, rather than photographs, the underbellies of choppers and planes. And as Wayne inspects the embattled Special Forces jungle camp, he asks, with a lover's concern, of brand name mortars, sub-machine guns, hand grenades, fighter bombers. As the acrostics waft over the audience, there comes the warmth born of a great and primeval security: for with these gods on our side, who can doubt the outcome?

Elsewhere, all is mythic: the Berets themselves are predominantly white and appear to be largely of Celtic extraction — even The Negro Doctor is called McGee. Muldoons and Kirbys abound, great bug-eyed leprechauns clomping through the sad paddy-fields, doing enormous injury to the hearts and minds of the audience, as indeed to Wayne's directorial debut. Even the attempts at comradely humor serve only to embarrass: a wounded soldier called Provo would like to see his name on a memorial, preferably something that would be alliterative. And sure enough, his dying wish is granted, in the shape of a memorial lavatory: Provo's Privy.

All in all, it is a nice question as to when precisely one stops racking up the number of violations of ordinary sensibility, and begins instead to consider the material in terms of metaphors drawn from therapy. It is difficult to understand all the pain and all the ugliness otherwise. **The Green Berets** is like nothing so much as the rogue and desolate scrawlings of a battered baby or juvenile delinquent, alone and loose with wounded crayon, in some midnight canyon of the mind.

Patrick MacFadden

Warner Bros. - 7 Arts release of Batjac Productions. Produced by Michael Wayne, directed by John Wayne and Ray Kellogg; screenplay, James Lee Barrett, based on the novel by Robin Moore; photography, Winton C. Hoch, ed. by Otho Lovering, music by Miklos Rozsa. With John Wayne, David Jannsen, Aldo Ray, Raymond St. Jacques. Technicolor, 140 min. U.S.A. 1968.

THE BRIDE WORE BLACK

Just about a year after the publication of his book-length homage to Hitchcock, François Truffaut continues his stewardship with this opulent adaptation of one of Hitch's favorite authors. The result is a good exercise, a faithful tribute and, unhappily, not a very good Truffaut film.

For anyone else, any Hollywood hack turning his hand to elegant suspense, this would be an enjoyable romp through fairly familiar territory: mysterious woman (Jeanne Moreau) sets out to avenge the murder of her husband. But Truffaut either does not understand or is not comfortable with the psychological and dramatic tensions implicit in such a story. As **The Soft Skin** is gravely flawed by a quick and unsatisfactory resolution, so **The Bride Wore Black** fails from the beginning to deal with the people and themes involved in any but the most superficial terms.

It is perhaps unfair to belabor Truffaut for making a straight suspense film, but the real trouble is that there isn't any suspense and the comedy isn't funny. This just isn't Truffaut territory. **Shoot the Piano Player** managed with remarkable success to juggle and finally blend tragedy and comedy, but in **Bride** Truffaut doesn't even get the pins into the air. Charlie the pianist was at once a believable existential protagonist and a symbolic figure of reverence for the idiom of the Hollywood B film; Julie in **Bride** is a slightly overweight middle-aged babe with venom in her veins. There is no love in her, and, we feel, none in Truffaut for her. She is a vehicle for a technical exercise.

Truffaut has dealt previously in his films either with his own character (Antoine in **400 Blows)** or reflections of that character modified in others (Charlie, Jules in **Jules and Jim,** the timid intellectual in **The Soft Skin,** Montag in **Fahrenheit 451.)** Now, in **Bride,** he has perhaps done his homework too well. He has absorbed not only Hitchcock's technique (which, by the way, he duplicates rather poorly), but also Hitchcock's contempt for his characters. **It does** not suit him.

Jay Cocks

Directed by François Truffaut. Based on the novel by Cornell Woolrich. Adaptation by Truffaut and Jean-Louis Richard. Produced by Oscar Lewenstein. Photographed in Deluxe Color by Raoul Coutard.

ISABEL

Isabel bears witness to Paul Almond's considerable ability to photograph empty rooms and his wife, Genevieve Bujold. Almond gives equal time to both subjects in this 108-minute non-suspense film which was filmed in the Canadian boondocks and is being distributed by an American movie company, Paramount.

Almond's camera lingers inquisitively, lovingly on countless expanses of wall-paper, wood, staircase and the thigh and formidable cheekbone of Miss Bujold.

The non-plot of this non-suspense movie deals with a mysterious girl's return to the hinterlands of her youth where numerous relatives may or may not have met unseemly deaths in the past. Isabel seems to be threatened by some sort of family curse — or the ghost of her dead brother — or her dotty, maybe senile, surviving uncle. But, if we can divert our attention from Almond's pregnant rooms and unjustified shock cuts, we know damn well that there is no curse or ghost and that her uncle is as harmless as he is wigged-out.

Marc Strange is the elusive brother/lover figure and he sings some nice songs which he also wrote. It is to both Almond and Strange's credit that these crooned folk ballads are worked into the film with obvious contrivance — but with pleasant results.

I really don't think Almond intended **Isabel** to be taken too seriously. It does succeed on some minor levels, showcasing as it does the talents of Miss Bujold, and demonstrating the director's eye for consistently interesting images and a knack for nervous montage that would probably excite Eisenstein. As for suspense, which the film pretends to possess, it isn't there. Almond just makes you think that it is.

Jonathan Demme

Paramount release of Quest Film production. Directed and written by Paul Almond. With: Genevieve Bujold, Marc Strange, and Gerard Parkes. Photographer: Georges Dufaux. Editor: George R. Appleby. Music: Harry Freedman, with songs by Marc Strange. Technicolor. 108 minutes.

IN THE WORKS

Larry Kent -- **Sherry.**16mm, colour, 90 mins. Shooting completed, presently being edited.

Morrie Ruvinsky -- **The Plastic Mile.**"Presumably 5280 feet unstretched", 16mm, B & W. Cast includes: Jason Venderveen, Pia Shandell and Beverley Miller. Ruvinsky (in Vancouver) is now cutting and hopes to have the film ready for distribution in October.

Michael Morris (the painter) is now (according to our Vancouver correspondent) "in the process of accumulating material for his film, **Mondo Arte,** which is going to be of indeterminate length (could be hours — could be days — long). Footage will be added as it arrives and spliced without editing. The film will include material on major art events of the year which occur at the various galleries and centres around the world."

Quentin Durgens, M.P., a CBC dramatic series about a young member of Parliament from the mythical riding of Moose Falls, now has 17 hour-long, colour episodes in various stages of completion. Series author is George Robertson. Directors of individual episodes include: John Trent, Kirk Jones, Daryl Duke, Francis Chapman, David Gardner, David Main and Ronald Weyman.

National Film Board — English

George Kaczender — **Don't Let the Angels Fall.** 35 mm. B & W. A theatrical drama about the problems of infidelity. Shooting has just completed and the film is presently being edited. Screenplay is by Kaczender and Timothy Findley. Photographer: Paul Leach. Starring: Arthur Hill, Sharon Acker, Monique Mercure and Charmion King.

William Weintraub -- **Lorrain** (working title). 16mm, one hour, colour, for tv release. A documentary about fatness. Being shot.

Robin Spry -- **Then End.** 16mm, one hour, B & W. For tv release. Script by Michael Mallus. A drama about underground youth. Casting completed, shooting about to begin.

Mort Ransen -- **Christopher's Movie Matinee.** 16mm, 90 mins., colour. A happening that comes off concerning youth and authority. Just completed, to be released shortly.

National Film Board – French

Gilles Groulx --**Chant Premier** has now had its title changed to **Ou est vous donc!** 35mm, two hours, colour and B & W. A dramatic film: "the sounds of the modern world". To be completed in September.

André Martin — **Vive l'Animation.** 16mm, one hour, colour. A compilation film about animation.

Marcel Carriere -- **Un Jour d'un Eté.** 16mm, 60 mins., colour. Nearing completion, this dramatic documentary details a day in the life of a young girl from a working-class family.

Pierre Perrault -- **Montréal.** 16mm, 2 hours, B & W. Still being shot.

Jean Giraldeau -- **Bozarts.** 16mm, one hour, colour. To be completed in January.

Fernand Dansereau -- **Pauvreté 1 – Pourquoi.** 16mm, one hour, B & W.

Pierre Perrault -- **Goelettes.** 35mm, 90 mins., B & W. A documentary on St. Lawrence rivermen. Nearing completion.

M. Bulbulian -- **La Petite Bourgogne.** 16mm, 60 mins. , B & W. A documentary about Montreal's Little Burgundy district.

M. Regnier -- **Pass.** 16mm, 3 hours, B & W. Presently being shot.

Claude Jutra -- **Waooh.** 16mm, colour. "A film about young people making films about young people."

Pierre Perrault -- **Le Fleuve.** 16mm, B & W. A rambling documentary using as its main link the St. Lawrence River and the various activities that go on along its length.

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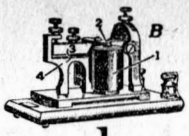
NEW YORK LETTER

by Bob Cowan

I recently attended a cocktail party where there was nothing to drink and no one to talk to. I was invisible . . . walking up and down the line of guests, unseen and moving in another dimension. Actually, I was late for the party . . . by about a month. I had been invited to come through the newspapers almost a month after the party was over, but by the miracle of modern time-machine technology I was able to be at the party and in the past and present simultaneously. The interesting thing was that it didn't feel any different to me than it always feels at parties in New York. I never know what to do with myself except dance outrageously in a moment of social desperation for something to do . . . or drink my boredom and anxiety away. The only advantage of this party was that I could stare at all the people without being self-conscious about the fact



London LETTER

I've finally been to see **The Yellow Submarine** just two days before it closes to let **The Graduate** begin at the London Pavilion (cheapest seat 7/6). Lovely big screen in the wrong ratio, so one of the cleverest (I assumed) bits was lost because it was at the bottom of the screen.

You probably know the story by now. The clues are given in the pre-title sequence: We see all the inhabitants of Pepperland listening to a Lonely Hearts Club Band concert in the bandshell. But something goes wrong; the Blue Meanies see them having a lovely time and the head Meanie, bigger than the rest, says; "Pepperland is a tickle of joy in the blue belly of the universe. It must be scratched!" Wicked, menacing-looking creatures they are too. They send out the big tall Meanies who drop huge green apples on the Pepperland peoples' heads, fling thunderbolts which turn them to stone, and then — as Young Fred escapes to the Yel-

[redacted]

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the mind.) Their house is one long corridor with thousands of doors, out of and into which dart all manner of *things*. If you open a door, you can see scenes, like a train roaring toward you from under a table, or a huge gorilla groping for a maiden. On the way back they pass through the Sea of Holes (enough to fill Albert Hall), pick up Jeremy, the Nowhere Man, and finally arrive at Pepperland where the great battle ensues between the Beatles — who disguise themselves as the Lonely Hearts Club Band (their alter-egos) — and the Blue Meanies. The Meanies are finally routed.

The best sequences are *Eleanor Rigby* and *Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds*, both done in styles different from the rest of the movie. The *Lucy in the Sky* is the best thing in the movie, I thought, with line drawings of rather frumpy but tender girls dancing or riding on ponies, with colours changing so quickly as to appear as vibrations of colour exactly translating the sound. Yes, this part is very good: the rhythm of the images doesn't correspond to that of the music, as you sometimes see with cutting in time to the music, but the sound is *exactly translated* into colour and motion . . .rather what I imagined Norman McLaren's new film about dance would do.

Well, in general it's lovely. One felt that, although some sequences were more exciting than others, it was precisely the way they wanted it to be. The ending was a bit gooey, with the Beatles themselves appearing (in real film life, not cartoon), telling us that when we leave the theatre there will be meanies waiting out there, and that we must all sing to defeat them.

They were right too: One of the biggest meanies I've encountered here was the ticket-taker. When I pleasantly asked if there were programs listing the credits that one could buy, he became a raving maniac . . . not screaming, but actually *hissing* and jumping from one foot to the other with frightful twitching movements, saying: "No, no, nothing. We don't get nothing like that. You're not going to get nothing. And don't think that more important people than you haven't asked. You're nothing and you're not getting nothing."

Oh, the best joke: When the Meanies hear the music, they begin to shrivel up. Their lament is, The hills are alive with the sound of music.

Kay Armatage

Paris LETTER

June 6, 1968

By now, the abrupt closing of the Cannes Film Festival is an old story. And, quite correctly, most have interpreted the sensational demise as one more limited event in a generalized upheaval against the policies of the Gaullist regime. Unquestionably, Truffaut, Godard, and the other ringleaders who, though only a minority, brought it about were animated by a feeling of solidarity with the students and workers striking all over France — even to the extent of using tactics described by Roman Polanski as Stalinist. Solidarity, perhaps; but essentially their main concern was elsewhere, in an area that they *really* understand, and in which they are vitally involved. For in revolting against the *status quo* at Cannes, they were attacking an entire system, on the one hand, of production and distribution completely dominated by strictly commercial interests, and, on the other, of controls imposed by the government.

The roots of the conflict lie deep in the past, obviously. But in their contemporary manifestations, one might say that *Chapter One* was "L'Affaire Henri Langlois"', an extraordinary phenomenon that saw the whole cinema world, it would seem, buttressed by waves of artists and intellectuals from other fields, rise in protest against the government's high-handed firing of the head of the Cinémathèque Française. As a result, the government was forced to back down, and Langlois returned in triumph to his Cinémathèque. The important thing, really, wasn't so much in the government's being proven wrong — for indeed some of its criticisms were based in objective fact. Rather it was in a certain *prise de conscience* on all sides: the cinema world *could* unite, and its voice could be effective. And so, a "Comité de Défense de la Cinémathèque Française" was formed. Heavily *Cahiers du Cinéma* in its orientation and leadership this Committee, as I see it, not only testified to the enormous prestige of the *Cahiers* in film affairs, but rapidly evolved into a means of expression and concerted action for all those intent on changing the fundamental structures of French film life.

And so the Cannes Film Festival, that symbol of "gross commercialism" and government-sponsored glitter, became (inevitably) the next prime target. Change the Festival, give it over to the *true* film makers. But first suppress it. Needless to add that thanks to the historical upheavals of the moment, *Chapter Two* ended in another brilliant victory for the forces of change.

And now the most important step, perhaps, and certainly a natural follow-up to what has already happened: the "Estates General of the Cinema", a sort of federation of people professionally connected with film, meeting in one extraordinary commission after another, have formulated demands that cover most aspects of cinema activity in France. Their recommendations:

(i) — The abolition of the official government agency, the Centre du Cinéma, which must approve all scripts before they can be filmed, hands out certain government subventions, and is responsible for state censorship — (in other words, away with existing government controls and censorship);

(ii) — The setting up of nationalized channels of production and distribution, to break the monopoly of the commercial enterprises, more and more subject to American capital, and thereby permitting less commercial filmmakers and talented newcomers a chance to survive;

(iii) — Guaranteed minimum wages and over-all planning for job stabilization.

The conviction underlying the crusade and informing its political activity is indeed very close to the politique of the *Cahiers du Cinéma*, as recently defined: "that the cinema in France, after so many years of adolescence, crisis, and guardianship, may finally achieve the real status claimed for it by its maturity and freedom."' This, of course, applies only to a certain cinema, the one cultivated by those who have a sincere belief in film as art, as a means of true communication, and as a central reflector of man and society; and not to that other cinema, the dominant one that fills the big theatres, that rather cynical commercial activity whose sole mystique is to make a buck — a cinema that will ever be the same in its aims, no matter what system may be in vigour.

Should the French pull off their film cultural revolution, should the filmmakers who revere their art form be given a chance to create in conditions no longer overwhelmingly inhibiting, there may well be repercussions elsewhere.

July 10, 1968

Since the above report was written, a revolution died as France swung right in a massive Gaullist victory. The "Estates General of the Cinema" haven't fared too well either. True, certain improved working conditions and salaries may have been obtained, but the far-reaching reforms in *structure* are still dreams — and really nothing more. The matchless French talent for clinging to one's own views to the exclusion of collaboration with anyone else has had a predictable result: interminable debates, a chaotic semi-collapse of the "Estates General". Back to the good old ways — but not quite. Something *has* transpired, many film people envisage ideals that seem realizable. And more practical plans are being put forward for the *nationalized* film production and distribution network in question (nationalized in the sense that the government — the nation — puts up the money but the direction comes from an independent committee elected by film people and certain others). What is being discussed is a network of film studios, equipment houses, labs, and distribution agencies — and even a far-reaching circuit of theatres — all of them run on a nationalized basis; almost non-profit, cooperative in nature, with money coming in being poured back into financing new films. In this fashion, a certain artistic freedom would be ensured, and young directors given chances as yet undreamed of. Meanwhile, the "commercial" sector of filmmaking would go on as before.

Interestingly enough, France's television people have proposed a similar structuring for the ORTF (comprising France's only two TV networks), which is at present little more than a government propaganda organ. "*Nationalisation*, et non *étatisation!*" has become the rallying cry, with the film people trying to break away from exclusively capitalistic business-competition structures, and the TV people from outright government ownership and control.

Needless to add that the reformers are not having it their own way right now. Certain TV film directors, prominent in the movement, are quietly being blacklisted, for example.

Marc Gervais

(a couple more chuckles and we'll be on our way)

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BOOKS

Kael, Pauline; **Kiss kiss bang bang,** Little, Brown & Co., $7.95. (In Canada: McClelland and Stewart, $9.75)

The title of Pauline Kael's new collection of film reviews, appearing only three years after the enormous success of her *I Lost It at the Movies,* derives from an Italian movie poster, and is to her "perhaps the briefest statement imaginable of the basic appeal of the movies." She continues, "this appeal is what attracts us, and ultimately what makes us despair when we begin to understand how seldom movies are more than this", which (along with her overuse of the adjective "lousy") is typical of the type of overstatement Miss Kael indulges in. In numerous asides we're also kept unusually well-informed about Miss Kael's various companions at the movies and what they said, and why, et al . . . Ignore these various annoyances if you can, and you're left with a slightly uneven collection of material on recent film trends and reviews covering the period 1965-67, plus a really fascinating collection of generally brief notes on 280 movies from **Adam's Rib** to **Zazie** (arranged alphabetically, but not always correctly).

She demolishes beautifully a few over-inflated reputations but, as before, her arguments tend to become too rambling, though this time we're spared the sniping at other critics which marred her earlier collection. The problem with Miss Kael's critical approach is that too often a film is judged solely on the basis of her own personal likes and dislikes, which makes for great reading, but less than the highest standards of criticism.

Not as acerbic and unlovable as John Simon, nor as rigourous as Dwight Macdonald (will no one ever publish his collected criticism?) Miss Kael occupies a somewhat lower plateau which may account for her popularity. Still, anyone who liked **Having a Wild Weekend** can't be all bad.

Glen Hunter

Durgnat, Raymond; **Louis Bunuel.** University of California Press, 1968.

As part of his series of movie paperbacks, editor Ian Cameron has published this book on Bunuel. For many r e a s o n s, Bunuel is a particularly difficult director to write about. He himself has expressed the theory that film can operate as a direct plug into the unconscious and, indeed, his films often seem to effect us in ways that one would be loath to put into words.

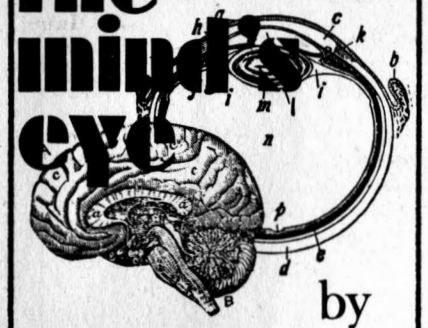
The book begins with an excellent summation of Bunuel's extraordinary film career and very neatly outlines the complexities of his works in general and the forces that have motivated their creator. The author describes his body of work as an organic whole progressing as an unfolding rather than a repetition. He tells how Bunuel handles the everyday, giving it a double charge of grotesqueness and nobility. How his style is really an anti-style; a straightforward intensification through the camera's eye and "in his detachment from his own lyricism, he is more brechtian than Brecht." He brings up the very relevant point that Bunuel is more interested in processes and connections and changing interrelationships than in fixed dogma and character portrayals. It is this that makes his films both so complex and true to life and difficult to interpret. He isn't interested in the realm of absolutes. Nazarin isn't "good" just as Belle de Jour isn't evil. "The logic in Bunuel's films is a dramatic logic, its content may be moral and philosophical (and political) but its form is dramatic."

The majority of the book consists of a detailed description of each film. Much of this is academic in the worst sense of the word. The author feels compelled to fill his requisite number of pages and details each symbol and crossreference to an almost absurd degree. The beauty of Bunuel's symbols is that they have a direct impact and don't have to be "explained". Who cares what the slitting of an eyeball is supposed to mean?

In a sense one must not be too hard on the author. Given the fact that he had to write a book on Bunuel; he did the job very well. One wishes, sentimentally perhaps, that the book had not been written.

Ronald Blumer

the mind eye



by JOHN HOFSESS

Due to the oohing and ahhing which passes for criticism of "psychedelic" art, the true dimensions of **2001: A Space Odyssey** have rarely been suggested. John Allen's perceptive comments in *The Christian Science Monitor* (May 10) and Clyde Gilmour's columns (including interviews with Arthur C. Clarke and Stanley Kubrick) in *The Toronto Telegram* represent the best attempts to explore the film in depth. For the rest we've been told to groove or grok as best we can with wide eyes and dilated pupils, and to drop the names of Marcuse or McLuhan if anyone suspects we don't know much about Kubrick.

2001 no less than **Dr. Strangelove** is an apocalyptic vision: it is an *alternate* future but no less pessimistic. Beneath its austerely beautiful surface an alarm is sounded for us to examine a problem of which **Dr. Strangelove** was a pronounced symptom: the possibility that man is as much at the mercy of his own artifacts as ever he was of the forces of nature. The film depicts three leaps in evolution each time augured by the appearance of mysterious slabs. The apelike creatures discover the use of a weapon/tool based on recent findings of a carnivorous predator who used rudimentary weapons. Modern man, as depicted in the film, has built his entire civilization as an extension of this predatory beginning, and when he in turn encounters the slab, it signifies the obsolescence of man and the emergence of machine-intelligence such as HAL-9000. But HAL too has pathological characteristics and, for no more reason than that he is *capable* of killing, attempts to destroy the human crew and in all but one case succeeds. Finally Kubrick envisions a complete breakthrough (not a further step in this progression of predators but a *break* in the chain) drawing upon the resources of a different type of human, the details of which are left to the imagination of each viewer to dream his own dream, to find out within himself what is salvageable and what requires change. Kubrick makes it clear however that astronaut Bowman alone displays any sign of non-cognitive skills; his sketches (of hibernating humans) are the only evidence of artistic wonder and curiosity, and represent one of the few activities and uses of the mind which HAL is not programmed to emulate. To Bowman is given the task of dismantling HAL.

Reviewers who pursue the "man's greatest adventure — man on the threshold of space — a roller coaster experience" type of approach to the film must consistently be missing the irony. Kubrick is much more likely to regard man (as presently constituted and socially organized) as a superannuated form of life, rather than as a promoter for NASA would, mindlessly extolling the platitudes of "progress." That the music of Mr. Kubrick's spheres should be that of a German nationalist is one of his inspired jokes. (The main point of **Dr. Strangelove,** if we can narrow it down to one, isn't to illustrate the "fail-safe" crisis — but to point out to what extent Germany *won* the last world war.)

Dr. Strangelove dealt with savagely funny caricatures of various types of sexual pathology. From the mechanical copulation of two airplanes, to Slim Pickins disappearing from view astride a missile shouting Ya! Hoo!, sexual hysteria and social catastrophe are inseparable in **Dr. Strangelove.**

2001 moves progressively away from the "animal warmth" of the apelike creatures huddling together, to the "ballet mechanique" of man's complex technology, suppressing every form of human relationship. When Dr. Heywood Floyd arrives at the moonbase he meets a woman scientist who casually remarks that she doesn't see much of her husband any more due to his research in oceanography. When Dr. Floyd contacts his home on earth (his wife is absent) he speaks to a pale color image (his daughter, about six years old, wearing lipstick) and promises to bring her a present as a substitute for not being able to attend her birthday. Astronaut Poole, receiving a taped transmission from earth, stares at his mother and father congratulating him on *his* birthday, completely void of any response. The line between humans and machines is blurred in the film not only because HAL is semi-human but because the humans are semi-mechanical, and as long as superiority is measured by the ability to destroy, HAL with his instantaneous memory-banks and improved logistics *is* the logical successor to man. As Abraham Maslow writes in *The Psychology of Science* (1966) "prediction, control, orderliness, rationality, organization — are all capable of being pathologized when pushed to the extreme."

Frequently when critics discussed **Lolita,** both as a novel and film, they literally interpreted it as dealing with pedophilia. But Nabokov is a big-game hunter in everything but lepidoptera, and **Lolita** is nothing less than the definitive satire on romantic love — and the age-difference between Lolita and Humbert merely a distancing device to make the self-deception, pathos, desperation and possessiveness seem remote from the reader and his "mature" loves. But when the joke is unsprung, it makes the satire all the more biting. Looked at unsparingly, by a man of Olympian wit and disdain, western forms of love rarely rise above the level of **Lolita.** For Kubrick, **Lolita** is no more about pedophilia than **2001** is about space travel — he is drawn to psychological insights and satire, and his continuing exploration in **Lolita, Dr. Strangelove** and **2001** is that of psychological space. Repeatedly in **2001** he nudges us with satirical jabs ("Are those sandwiches ham? chicken? They *look* like ham." "Yes, well they're getting better at it all the time.") to make it clear that he does not regard change necessarily as progress. Indeed, he inverts the Nietzschian myth of ape-man-superman to show that each stage is progressively *worse* than the one preceding it, for each time the circumference of its predatory powers is enlarged and the creature becomes increasingly singleminded in its destructiveness.

Critics who have rhapsodized about the film (and falsified it) have overlooked the salient fact that it clearly depicts an early death for modern man. The assertion that man can only save himself through a thorough going psychological re-orientation or "resurrection" is irony of an Olympian order. Mr. Kubrick offers man two futures, and both of them are funerals. In **Dr. Strangelove** he dies in nuclear war, unconscious of what drives him or his war machine. In **2001** he gains sufficient self-awareness to unplug his machines and phase himself out of existence, which is like imagining a cancer considerate enough to destroy itself.

Literary critic Harry Levin is reported to have said of James Joyce's *Ulysses* that it set such a standard of excellence as to make the writing of novels thereafter much more difficult. Mr. Kubrick has presented a similar challenge to all filmmakers. An inarticulate rave is no substitute for understanding, and **2001** is about as well understood in its first year of release as *Ulysses* was in its first edition.

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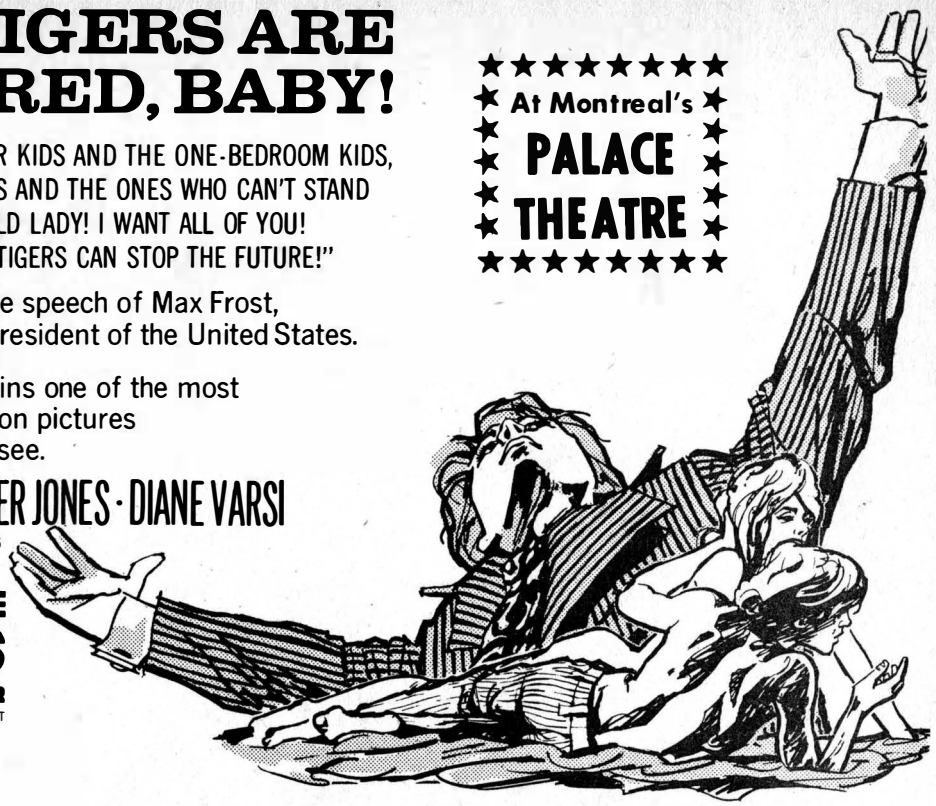

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